75¢
OCT. 1

VOGUE

BEAUTY AND YOU

NEW RAVES... NEW FACES... NEW IDEAS

THE DRESS OF THE HOUR



Breck Shampoo brings out the shine in your hair. Like brushing 100 strokes.

Of all the leading shampoos, only Breck does not have a synthetic detergent base.

Beautiful Hair

BRECK



Ralph William Williams

Neal Barr

Christian Dior shoes—Delman Salon



Where will you first wear these rakish checks of black and white wool ebullient with dyed black fox? A Bergdorf exclusive by Laird-Knox, $575. Coats, Third Floor.

ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK
BERGDORF GOODMAN
5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET



SEYMOUR FOX DESIGNS IN BEAUTIFUL ANGLO FABRICS

I. MAGNIN LORD & TAYLOR STANLEY KORSHAK

OCTOBER 1, 1967

INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR

VOGUE

AMERICAN BRITISH FRENCH ITALIAN AUSTRALIAN NEW ZEALAND

I. S. V.-PATCÉVITCH, President
Alexander Liberman, Editorial Director



AVEDON

COVER: The Gigi collar—a close loop of chalk-blue velvet with a huge extravagant jewel; marvellous for all the beautiful throats that are known as swan. Prophetic, too; we see variations on this theme turning up under furs, wherever a scarf comes in. Worn here by Jean Shrimpton, who plays The Girl in the smash movie, *Privilege*. Collar to order, by Adolfo, of Crompton velvet. Jewelled pin by K. J. L. Both at Saks Fifth Avenue; Nan Duskin; L. S. Ayres; Neiman-Marcus. Adolfo also made the collar on page 162. Ara Gallant coiffure, Fashion Tress hairpieces.

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Intimate Spray Mist
by Revlon.

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of the world's seven
great fragrances.



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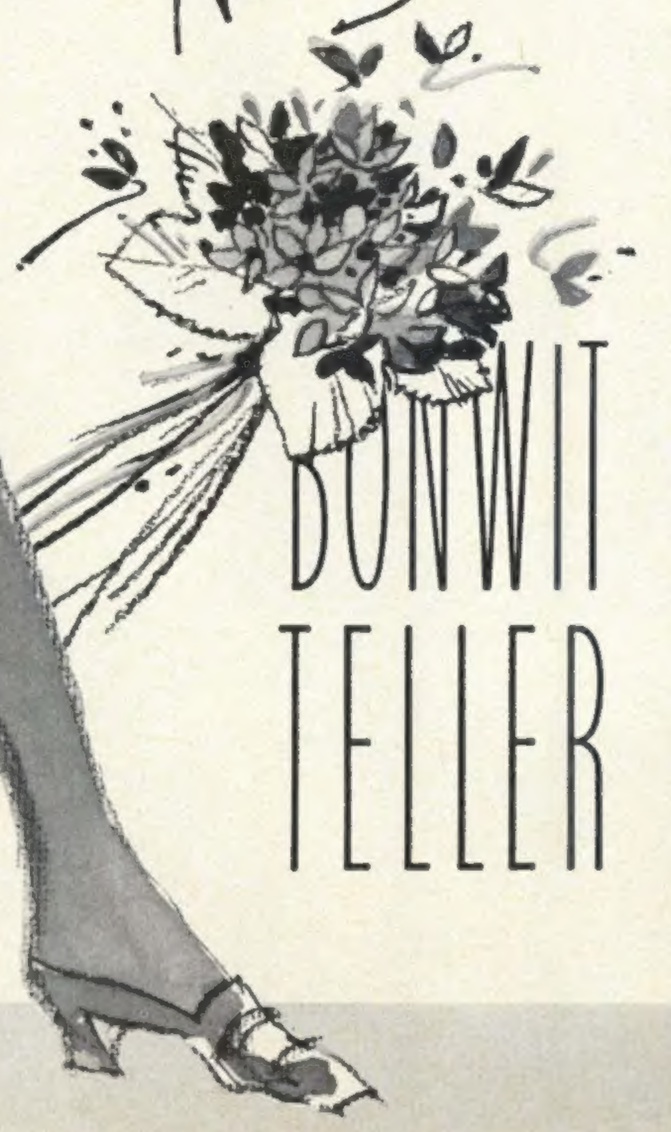


WHEN BALTIMORE THINKS OF FASHION IT THINKS OF HUTZLER'S

KENNETH PAUL BLOCK



Coat of a different stripe
Bonwit's topaz,
brown and white
Agnona wool with
a fascinating
side line.
By Mila Schön
of Italy.
Designer Salon
New York



BONWIT
TELLER

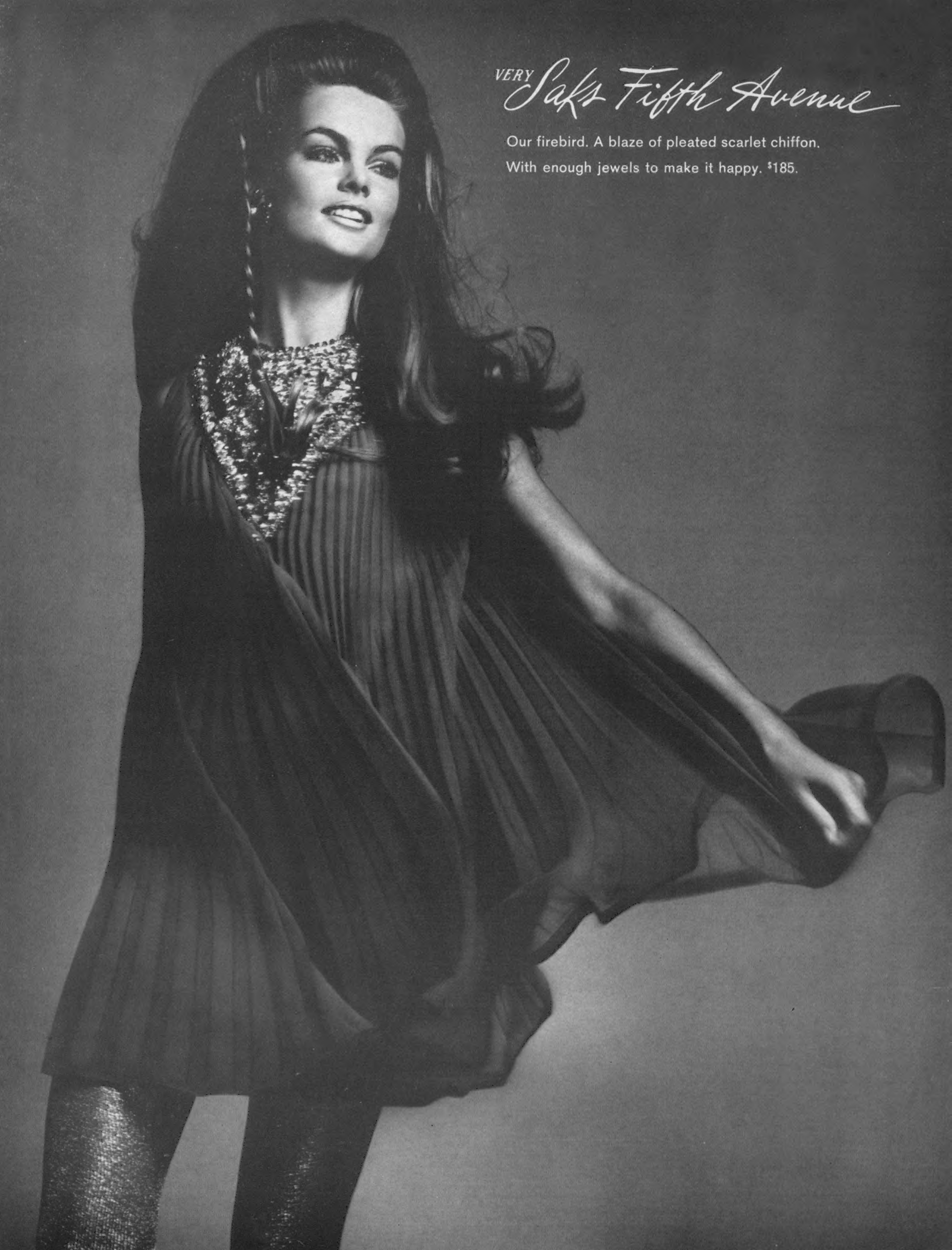
Revillon

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Our firebird. A blaze of pleated scarlet chiffon.
With enough jewels to make it happy. $185.

Stepped up coat and suit rhythms in
LITEX NATTIER
pacesetting double faced gabardine.
Mila Schön, for her prêt-à-porter de luxe,
seams color on color in her intarsia coatdress;
fits and flares a fastidious reefer;
belts a fencer jacketed suit.







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Introducing the 1968 face.

BRONZAGE

The look of the year. A radiant, tawny face-for-all-seasons.

Only one makeup can make it. Revlon masterminded it. The first totally transparent makeup. The now-and-future fashion for faces. A golden look. A tawny exuberance. Bronzage.

No conventional makeup could capture the look of 'bronzage'. But the new 'Ultima' II Transparent Face Tints are far from conventional. They are totally see-through. Their ultimate transparency (impossible till now) plus the subtlest of colorings give to your skin this golden tawnied glow. Two casts of tints create the new 'bronzage' look. The Tawny Tones to tint skin one degree warmer. The Bronzing Tones to give the deeper, dramatic look barefoot contessas are fabled for. Either way, your skin basks in a gloriously believable glow. (Even porcelain blondes can turn tawny, without a hint of anything 'put on'.) The effect is cool. Young. Contemporary. And terribly fetching.

We view this total transparency, this soft vitality of coloring, as the coming thing. A fashion to live in 12 months a year. (Or more.)

Transparent Face Tints include: 6 Tawny Tints. 2 Bronzing Tints. Face Powders. Blushing Liquids.

'Ultima' II

The first Collection of 'Couture Cosmetics'. Created by Revlon for the woman of elegance.


Greenhill

B Altman & Co



AGED, BLENDED, BOTTLED ONLY IN SCOTLAND 86.8 PROOF SCOTCH WHISKY THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORP. NYC. EXCLUSIVE IMPORTER.

Altman's says: It's a Black and White season!

From the left:

Panel front après ski skirt. Cotton and wool checks. Black and white. 8 to 16. 35.00 Matching fringed stole. 12.00 Full fashioned pullover. Merino wool. Black or white. 34 to 40. 14.00

Single breasted ski suit with flap pockets. Covered zip front. Twill weave rayon, stretch nylon, spandex. Ash or ink blue. 8 to 16. 75.00

Fly front pullover shirt. Wool twill. White. 8 to 16. 30.00 Slim pants. Wool twill. Black. 8 to 16. 21.00 Sleeveless broken rib turtle pullover. Wool. Black. 34 to 40. 12.00

Little skunk set: ski weight wool knit sweater and matching cap. Black and white. S-m-l. 25.00 Stretch pants. Wool, Helanca® stretch nylon, Lycra® spandex. Black, white, navy, beige, chocolate or olive. 8 to 18. 30.00

Sportswear and separates, third floor, Fifth Avenue, and branches.

Meet the sports car of the snow world... ride in the AMF Ski-Daddler Snowmobile. Five models, for exciting new Winter fun.

Après ski...enjoy a "Black & White" Scotch...the one that sets the standards for all other Scotches, while you discuss the day's triumphs with your own "in" group.





AGED, BLENDED, BOTTLED ONLY IN SCOTLAND 86.8 PROOF SCOTCH WHISKY THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORP. NYC. EXCLUSIVE IMPORTER.

Altman's says: It's a Black and White season!

From the left:

Teddy parka. Rayon pile with the look of fur. Convertible roll collar, nylon lining, zippered pocket. White. S-m-l. 50.00 Stretch ski pants. Wool, Helanca® stretch nylon, Lycra® spandex. Black, white, navy, beige, chocolate or olive. 8 to 18. 30.00

Double breasted ski suit. Rayon and stretch nylon. Black and white checks. 8 to 14; regular length pants. 75.00 Dyed mouton lamb hat. White. 14.00

Belted parka. Zipper front, four zippered pockets, convertible collar. Textured nylon. White. S-m-l. 40.00

Speed striped sweater. Full fashioned raglan sleeves. Wool. Black with white. S-m-l. 20.00

Fur sweat shirt. Bateau neck, front pockets. Black dyed rabbit. S-m-l. 110.00 Ski pants. Wool, Helanca® stretch nylon, Lycra® spandex. White, black, navy, beige, chocolate or olive. 8 to 18. 30.00

Sportswear, third floor, Fifth Avenue, and branches.

Fur products labeled to show country of origin of imported furs

Make tracks... in the exciting new AMF Ski-Daddler Snowmobile. Five models for a thrilling new Winter sport.

Around the fireplace... begin a fun filled evening with a "Black & White" Scotch... the one that gratifies a taste for lightness and smoothness.



B Altman & Co



AGED, BLENDED, BOTTLED ONLY IN SCOTLAND 86.8 PROOF SCOTCH WHISKY THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORP. NYC. EXCLUSIVE IMPORTER.

Altman's says: It's a Black and White season!

From the left:

Après ski culottes. One piece style with zipper front and rope belt. Silver color rayon and Mylar® polyester metallic knit. 8 to 16. 40.00

Après ski dress. Grey wool flannel with silver color bead and embroidery trimming. 8 to 16. 50.00

Double breasted pants suit. Side zippered pants. Wool chinchilla. White, navy or red. 8 to 16. 100.00 Single breasted pants suit. Side pockets. Diagonal weave menswear wool. Grey. 8 to 16. 100.00

Sportswear and separates, third floor, Fifth Avenue, and branches.

Hop on the newest bunny wagon ... the zippity AMF Ski-Daddler snowmobile for the greatest fun ride of the future. Five models. 10-24 h.p. $800. up. Write AMF, Dept. R, Box 357, Des Moines, Ia.

Back at the chalet...meet with the outdoor people over a "Black & White" Scotch...the Scotch for people who know the difference.



Atlanta has the biggest cultural building boom in the South.



PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE SITE OF ATLANTA'S NEW MEMORIAL CULTURAL CENTER.

It also has Rich's.



And it has **Chester Weinberg** and almost every other famous name in fashion. Rich's, Atlanta.



Crystal gazing, 1967.
Essence of Chantilly.
Intense,
long lasting,
more like perfume
than cologne.
The Spray Mist, $6.

Chantilly by Houbigant

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BEAUTY CHECKOUT

October 1

All this and more too— times two

Ah, the challenge of more beauty for the money. We cite several yards of cases in point. *More eyelashes.* One eyelash ten inches long. No kidding. If you lose a lash, or want to append a corner, or suddenly need a double or triple or a lower lash—just snip. Crazy idea for today's birds as Mary Quant, the Mod woman of London, would put it, does put it. "Loads of Lash" she calls it. . . . *More soap.* A hefty bar, eight inches long. Vanda did it. Orchid Petal Soap, all translucent and convincingly pretty and fragrant. We suggest you serve it with an engaging knife. Slice off a sliver as you bolt into the shower or a sizable hunk to take with you for the weekend. Such an accommodating soap. (To reach this one, don't wait for the Vanda lady to call—you call her.) . . . *More than coverage.* Consider the double-doings of L'Oréal of Paris. They start off with a fine, whipped makeup, a great cover-up in you-name-the-shade. But there's more to it, far more. There's a subtle iridescence, a way small particles of shine pick up the light and bounce it back. Satin Skin Frosted Soufflé Makeup is its proper name. And there's still more to it: a little spatula to whip the frosting, lick up the last drop. . . . *More undetectable face shenanigans.* A make-your-own-face kit: Scandia's new facial-contour compact. Not one but five sculpture creams in this palette, each discreet but potent. Taupy cream to soften broadness (e.g., nose) and heaviness (e.g., Chin, Jr.). Skin-coloured cream for circles, veins. Blusher for just that. Highlighter for just that. Lip gloss for obvious reasons. New face in the palm of your hands. . . .

Exercise accessory: California to Rome

Know what you see below? At work on knees (left) and on thighs (right), is an exercise aid small in terms of space it takes up in closet or bedroom, small in amount of displacement in a suitcase, small in the sense of time required for its effective use—fifteen minutes of anyone's day, no more. It's the V-Bar, a hinged exercise press you can work to good effect on any part of the body (name the area—instructions help you zero in). Developed in California by Anne-Marie Bennstrom, an exercise know-all celebrated in previous songs in Vogue, the V-Bar, small as it is, is now big on the international beauties' grapevine. Recent letter from Rome



TAD WAKAMATSU

confirms. "Cristina Ford is mad about hers. Luciana Pignatelli took three V-Bars back from New York—one for herself, two for friends. Consuelo Crespi V-Bars every day. . . ." V-Bar whereabout in the U. S. is Saks Fifth Avenue. . . .

Sun— filter-tip report, so to speak

Now that the beaches of the Northern Hemisphere are doing their annual cooling, it's time for Vogue's annual report on people and sun. What it comes to, this year, is this: though the passion for suntanning held strong throughout the summer of '67, it underwent a change of focus. "Everywhere I went," announced our official sun-surveyor (a creature who went everywhere the sun-people gathered, it seems), I noticed a new tendency to protect the face. The beauties still like sun on their bodies. But for their faces, the preference is for peau de (Continued on page 96)



Flowing Cream, the just-created Geminesse make-up, moistens and silkens the skin under a superbly natural finish. In the most softly radiant shades ever captured by make-up. Discover Geminesse at finer department stores.

Geminesse, the real newness in cosmetics today—the total moisture beauty concept in an entire collection of make-ups, lipsticks and treatments.



GEMINESSE
MAX FACTOR

PHOTOGRAPH BY NORMAN N. SHUMURA

She's fishing for a present by Jean Schlumberger

TIFFANY & CO.

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Kimberly











The shirtdress in pure wool knit. About $75. Lord & Taylor, Frost Bros., Bullock's.

Pure asymmetry in **TOURMALINE®** EMBA® natural pale beige mink

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...EVERY WAY
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CHANEL



"My kind of shoe"

I'm enjoying the battle between midi-length and mini, but my kind of fashion avoids both extremes. It's moderate hemlines and Air Step shoes. With that wonderful walking-on-Air Step feeling.



Wear this square toe, trim heel, covered-up buckle, and even winter is fun. In taupe, red, blue, or black calf. Or black shining Corfam®. Air Step, your kind of shoe, is priced from $14 to $20. Brown Shoe Company, St. Louis.

Air Step®

BROWN

QUALITY AT YOUR FEET.

LEATHER BEETLES PIERS CREAM ® DUPONT'S REGISTERED TRADEMARK FOR ITS MAN-MADE POROMERIC UPPER MATERIAL MANUFACTURED IN CANADA BY BROWN SHOE COMPANY OF CANADA, LTD., ONTARIO

Elegance in action!



Shown above is the Fleetwood Eldorado, the world's finest personal car; below, the elegant Fleetwood Brougham. Cadillac Motor Car Division

Cadillac's "inside story" for 1968 starts with the biggest, smoothest V-8 engine ever put into a production motor car!

Beneath all the impressive beauty of Cadillac for 1968 is the most significant new engine in Cadillac's fifty-three years of V-8 leadership. With greater size, torque, smoothness and quiet than any of its contemporaries, Cadillac's new 472 V-8 supplies almost unbelievable passing and highway performance, while providing a huge reserve of power to service Cadillac's many conveniences. And the 472 V-8 is only the beginning of Cadillac's 1968 newness.

New front disc brakes are available on all models. You can also choose an improved air conditioning system that moves more air more quietly. A new padded instrument panel...concealed windshield wipers...and many other significant improvements make all of Cadillac's eleven greatest models the most elegant and exciting in the luxury car world. For the complete "inside story" of Cadillac for 1968, call on your authorized dealer soon.

GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE

Cadillac for 1968

Revlon says: Yes.

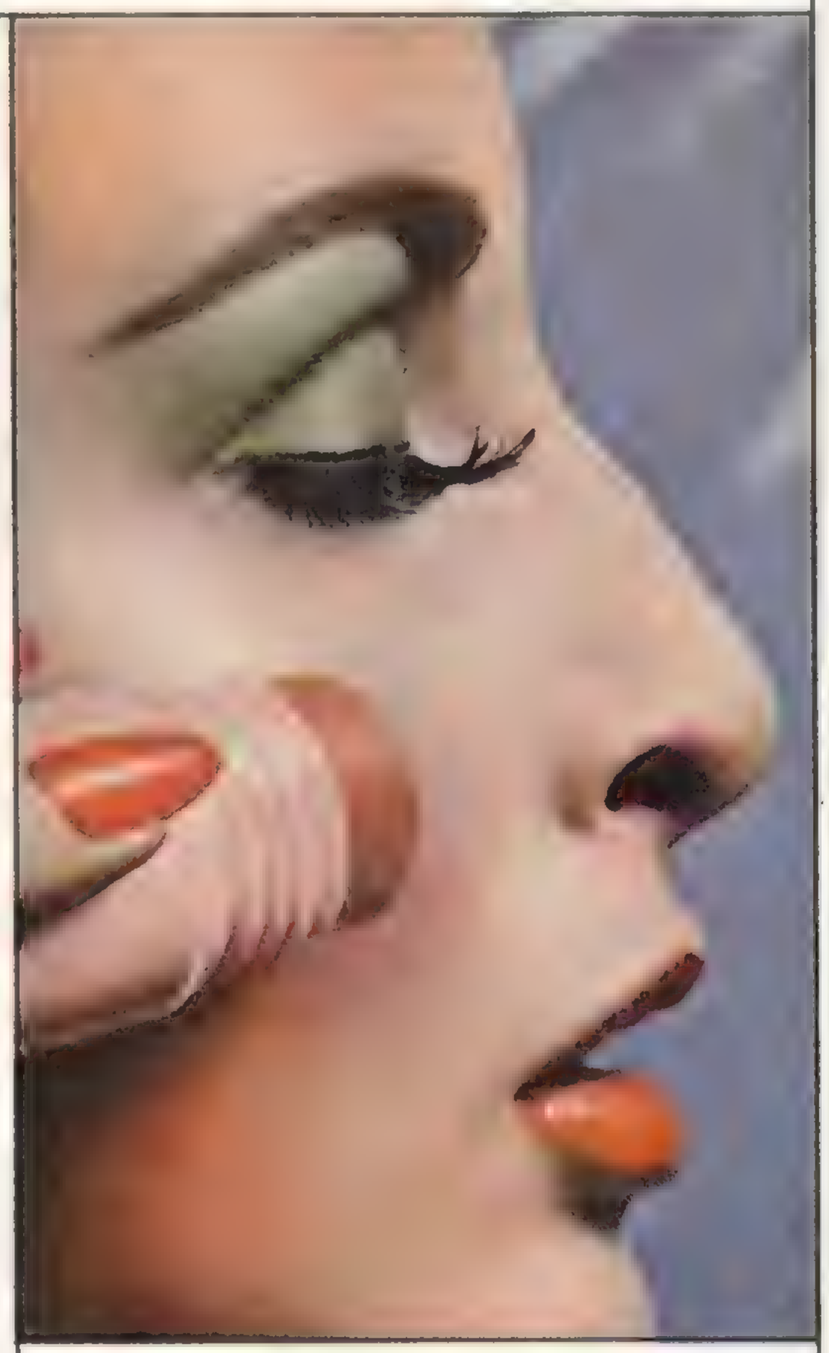
The Polished Face.

(ALL BLUSHES AND SHINE. ALL PEACHES AND GLEAM)

WHAT'S THE GREAT NEW FASHION IN FACES? WE COULD POLISH IT OFF IN A WORD. GLEAM. GLEAM'S THE THEME. THIS IS YOUR YEAR. TO SHINE.

The face that catches the light wears a brilliant little brainchild. New. Just invented. By Revlon. Face Gleamer. A glissy blushing stick. Quickens your face with color. Glistens it with gleam.

Dapple your cheeks with it. Glisten your chin with it. Highlight *everyplace* with it. Your whole face turns on. Youngs up. Blushes. Beams. Timid types may stop at cheekbones. Avant-gardes stop at nothing.





In 3 little gleam-ons of color: *Blush. Peach. Tawny.* And a highlighting slick of pure gleam: *Bare.* Each in a swivel stick.

Yesyesyes. The polished face. The new rave-length. The Big To-do Today. Revlon blushes. Glistens. Accepts the beautiful blame. Shine, everyone!

new Face Gleamer

Slick it over makeup. Or slick it on bare. Instant glow-power!





Revlon says: Oh my. Yes. The Polished Pout.

(THE MOUTH WITH THE KICK OF COLOR. THE CHIC OF SHINE.)



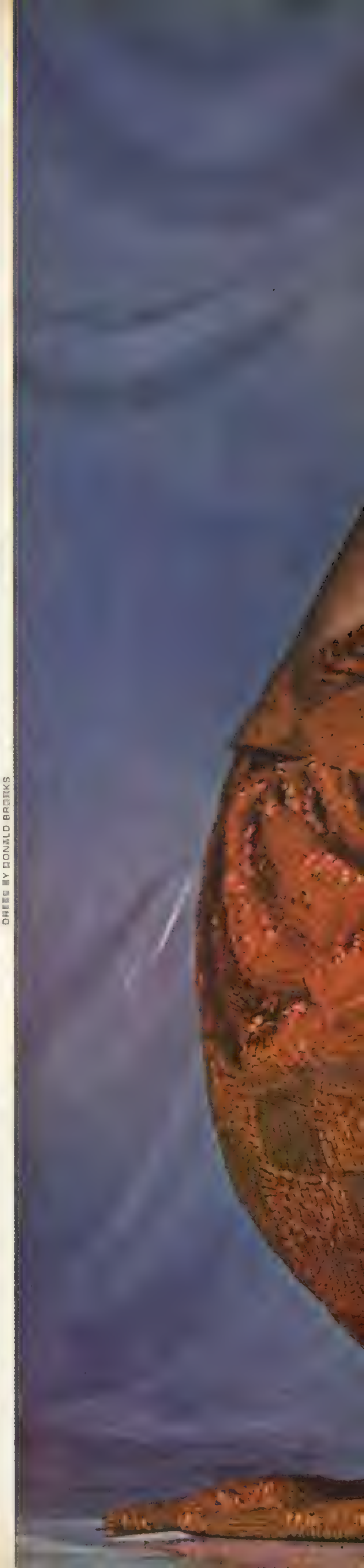
New Fashion for Fall:
The girl-shaped mouth. Round. Curvy. Wetwet. Drenched with color. Splash. The colors are the makings. Shine-ons. Juicyfruits. The mouth that wears them communicates. Sends messages. Does the talking now. Are you glistening?

AppleMelon.
A golden delicious. Red. Not deep. Dishy.

PumpkinPeel.
A love of an orange. Tawny. Yam.



'Moon Drops' Wet Lipstick & Crystalline or Cream Nail Enamel.



DRESS BY DONALD BROOKS



ENGLISH PROVINCIAL, FRANCIS THE FIRST AND DIADEM PATTERNS ARE PICTURED HERE. FOR NEAREST STORE AND STERLING PATTERN BROCHURE, WRITE REED & BARTON, DEPT. V107, TAUNTON, MASS. 02781

See how Reed & Barton sterling embraces color to mirror the poetic mood of misty English moonlight, the magnificence of a French court, and the majesty of legendary crowns. If you always thought sterling looked silver, look again.

REED & BARTON

Evyan

presents the New Purse Bottle
in the fragrance of your choice—

White Shoulders
Most Precious
Great Lady
Golden Shadows



A Halo of Loveliness

©EVYAN PERFUMES, INC., 1967


I dreamed I had
a mod mod world
on a string
in my
maidenform
confections
My new Confection® collection really turns me on! First, the prettiest pantie girdle with LYCRA®. And to match, my low and lacy Confection bra with whisper-thin Fiberfill. Then a silky chemise slip and bikini all in tricot of 100% ANTRON® nylon edged in lace. In Pink, Blue, Lemon Yellow, Pearl Beige, Black, White. Bra (All nylon lace, Broadcloth "Dacron" polyester, nylon, cotton) $3.00 • Girdle (Power Net elastic, nylon, "Lycra" Spandex exclusive of decoration) $6.00 • Demi Petti $4.00 • Chemise $6.00 • Bikini $2.50 (all of "Antron" nylon, exclusive of decoration)

Revlon

auto

Blondes!

New! The ultra-gentle lightener that automatically saves you 15 minutes or more, yet lightens your hair ultra-pale!

Really dark hair takes a little longer. But new 'Blondsilk' Hair Lightener finishes the lightening job while other bleaches still have a long way to go. It leaves hair stronger, silkier, softer than other bleaches. It's Proteinized. Deep-conditions as it lightens light enough for the frailest of toner shades. And it's so easy, too. All pre-measured so it works automatically! NEW 'BLONDSILK' HAIR LIGHTENER





invents matic

Now you can lighten and tone your hair to the most delicate shades ever...in less than 1 hour!*

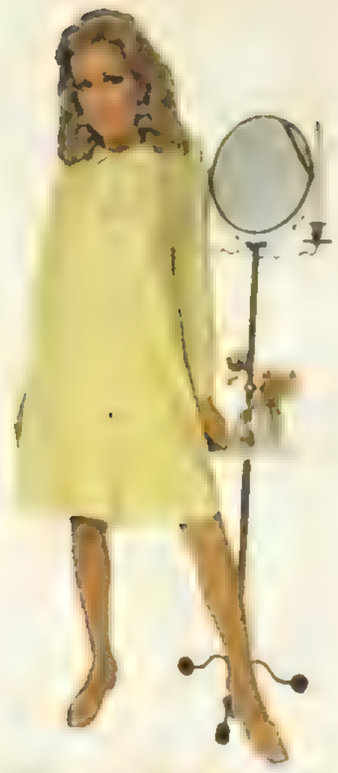
Now! The 10-minute toner that automatically shampoos in subtle, non-brassy shades—and makes them really last!

Cool 'Blondsilk', the first totally new toner, gives you a delicate, inherited kind of blondness. The shades (there are 19!), the even-ness you long for. The best coverage of ends ever. The healthy-looking hair you crave (it's Proteinized). Pre-lighten, shampoo-in. No sectioning. No messy mixing. It's all pre-measured to work automatically! *When used as directed . . . you just can't go wrong! 'BLONDSILK' TONER



From the research laboratories of Revlon—world's foremost color authority

ARNEL is for looking like the belle of the ball while you're getting ready in your M.C. Schrank robe.





Arnel, the luxury fiber. Keeps you looking elegant even in the privacy of your boudoir. This delightful, warm robe is brushed fleece of Arnel triacetate and Fortrel polyester, and lavish as it may look, it's down-to-earth when it comes to care. Machine washable! In pink, blue, mint or yellow; sizes petite, small, medium and large. $16. At fine stores everywhere or write M. C. Schrank Co., 437 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10021.

Fortrel® is a trademark of Fiber Industries, Inc. Celanese® Arnel®

CELANESE ARNEL
Add a fiber from Celanese and good things get better

There is only one Joy...



...the costliest perfume in the world.

CLAIROL ORGANIZES



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THE GREAT BEIGE-IN!

Now! Stand up and be counted

Fall, 1967

Clairol fashions 3 psychedelicious beiges frosted for lips and nails. Just for blondes, just for brunettes, just for redheads.



BLONDES! DEMAND BLONDE LIPCOLOR—BE-IN-BEIGE is a blonded brown, shot with quicksilver. It's just for blondes, baby!

REDHEADS! IT'S YOUR RIGHT TO BE DIFFERENT—BE-IN-BRONZE is a slow-burn orange, beiged down and silver-cooled to a color that can't get lost in a crowd (just like a redhead).

BRUNETTES! LIVE UP TO YOUR LEGEND—BE-IN-TAUPE is a wild-life kind of color, with an independent streak of pearl. You'd better believe it's for brunettes. Only.



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Doop's

EAST ORANGE & SHORT HILLS, N. J.

SAGA MINK

NATURAL ELEGANCE FROM DENMARK FINLAND NORWAY SWEDEN



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EDITORIAL PAGE

IT'S AN
(ADVERTISEMENT)
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Is the Dynel Hairpiece the new way to hide when you're famous?



Why not? If it gives you a feeling of fooling your fans. Wear one or two or three different shapes. And for the not-yet-famous, if a Dynel modacrylic hairpiece can hide a famous face, doesn't it follow that a Dynel hairpiece might well create a new one? Over and above their glamour quotient, Dynel wigs, falls and hairpieces stay put even in storms, travel like trojans and are easy to take care of. Just say (no, insist) that your hairpiece must be made of that fabulous fibre because **...it's not fake anything, it's real Dynel.** UNION CARBIDE


ESTÉE LAUDER
INVENTS
FAST-ACTING
BEAUTY CARE
A new collection
of six space-age
treatment essentials
so fast-acting
they make long,
complicated
beauty rituals
obsolete.

FROM ESTÉE LAUDER'S NEW FAST-ACTING BEAUTY CARE COLLECTION

Dry Dry Skin Creme

more concentrated moisture than a creme ever had—light, rich, quickly absorbed to help nourish skin day and night.

Dry Dry Skin Astringent

a revolutionary non-astringent astringent that tones and cleanses sensitive skin without drying it.

Whipped Cleansing Creme

specially formulated to penetrate deeply, quickly, and cleanse the skin thoroughly, leaving no oily trace.

All Day Throat Creme

a weightless creme that absorbs instantly, seals moisture in, dryness out to wear under-make-up or at night.

All Day Eye Creme

a beige blend of luxurious lightweight lubricants that gives constant and intensive beauty care to this vital area. Wear it 24 hours a day.

Wrinkle Stick

its rich emollients glide easily, invisibly over make-up, melting right into the skin to soften expression lines. Slim as a lipstick, always at hand for fast, convenient applications many times a day.

Estée Lauder



PHOTOGRAPH. SKREBNESKI © 1967 ESTÉE LAUDER, INC.



Catch a star and steal its glow.

...for the Natural is off on a shimmer...and the youngest, newest lights are the ones you turn on with The Starglow Look. It's all plotted out for you by Frances Denney. Incandescent Make-Up brings a fascinating, luminous beauty. Incandescent Glowlight gives a heavenly subtle glow. Incandescent Eyelights shadow your eyes with a soft touch of color. And a glow lights on your lips with the rich warmth of Incandescent Lipstick. It's The Starglow Look, and it's caught for you by

Frances Denney

TRAVELING THE FASHION ROUTE

The Place / Holiday Inn Plan a trip to New England this fall. Visit historic Boston. Stay at one of the contemporary, yet low-priced Holiday Inns in the Boston area—Newton, Waltham, Framingham, Cambridge—all surrounded by picturesque spots such as the Old Mill on the Boston Post Road.

The Car / Plymouth GTX They call it "The Boss." And no wonder, with power from a 440 cubic-inch V-8, handling by way of a heavy-duty torsion bar suspension. Super new looks, too, with all-new styling and a boss selection of color-keyed interiors. It's the living end of Plymouth's new mid-size 5.

The Clothes / Don Sophisticates Designed by Jane Justin, contemporary clothes with nonstop fashion power—ready to travel when you are. Above, for exploring the countryside, a textured wool plaid shirtdress with bouncy skirt, high-rise leather belt. Sizes 3-13. $45. Fabric by Westwood.



TRAVELING THE FASHION ROUTE

The Clothes/Don Sophisticates Fashions designed by Jane Justin that give great on-the-go performance and look as if they're having fun. Left: stunning fall turnout—sleeveless dress and jacket. Sizes 3-15. $70. Center: soft blouson dress, gold link belt. Sizes 3-13. $50. Right: free-fall dress with low-slung pockets. Sizes 3-13. $45. All 100% wool gabardine by Westwood.



The Place / Holiday Inn An unforgettable New England vacation begins right here—the moment you arrive. Waiting for you at any of the 900 Holiday Inns in 700 cities across the country: free parking, swimming pool, valet service, pleasant accommodations—24-hour luxury service at a low-budget price.

The Car / Plymouth Sport Fury The sporting life takes a turn for the wild as the Plymouth win-you-over beat goes on. Torsion bar suspension, bucket seats, and the biggest standard V-8 in its class put the sport in Sport Fury. The long, low looks just make it that much more desirable.



TRAVELING THE FASHION ROUTE

The Car/Chrysler Newport Custom

The distinctive kind of styling people are moving up to, plus Chrysler luxury and comfort. That's what makes the price such a surprise. Options? Galore. From Airtemp airconditioning to a 3-in-1 divided front seat and all the stops between.



The Place/Holiday Inn Why not combine a family-and-business trip? There's no charge for children under 12 at Holiday Inn and there's a kennel for your dog. Wherever you travel, you can depend on the sign that symbolizes fine service and enjoyment for the whole family. And American Express, Diners, and Gulf cards are always welcome.

The Clothes/Don Sophisticates
Jane Justin designs three travel-happy dresses for sightseeing or a night on the town. Left, snappy coatdress, buttoned on the double. Sizes 5-15. $55. Wool gabardine by Westwood. Center and right: two tattersall plaids, both belted high with white leather. Sizes 3-13. $60. Rochambeau wool gabardine by Westwood.



The Place/Holiday Inn Enjoy fine cuisine in a pleasant atmosphere at prices that make each meal even more enjoyable. Travel tip to remember: more people buy Holiday Inn food and lodging than any other "brand".

The Car/Plymouth Barracuda The purist's Plymouth. European lines, sports car handling and five power plants make it crisp, clean and agile. It's elegant besides, with touches like color-keyed carpeting from wall-to-wall.

The Clothes/Don Sophisticates designed by Jane Justin. Shimmery white satin sets the after-six mood. Left, coat-and-dress ensemble. Sizes 3-13. $90. Right: dress with dirndl skirt. Sizes 3-13. $40. Satin Melba by Bloomsburg.

...ALL TRAVELING THE FASHION ROUTE

All Don Sophisticates fashions on these pages at B. Altman, New York; Neiman-Marcus, Texas; Marshall Field, Chicago; I. Magnin, California; and other fine stores.

*Prices slightly higher in the West.

Fredrica



Pale stars in the **EMBA®** firmament

Celestial radiance in MORNING LIGHT® natural pale blue-beige mink and JASMINE® white mink...both Emba Rare Quality luminaries in Fredrica's famed father-to-son tradition of design and craftsmanship. Please direct inquiries to FREDRICA, 345 Seventh Ave., N. Y., N. Y. 10001.

®EMBA MINK BREEDERS ASSOCIATION American mink—world's finest **Diamonds: Harry Winston** **Gowns: Wilson Folmar** **Virginia Thoren-Rice**



The hush of a blush

New fetish for faces sweeping the scene: a soft, romantic, roselit glow. Turned on with the sweet flick of a 'Blush-On' brush. Fluff it here, there, everywhere. This sheerest breath of fresh young color lights up your skin like an unexpected compliment. It's Revlon's recipe for 'instant romance'. (And the secret behind today's Great Faces.)

'Blush-On' by Revlon

The crash of a lash

New sound in fashion: the fetching flutter of an extra helping of lashes. 'Private Eyelashes' by Revlon. The foolproof kind. Don't look phony. Don't cost a fortune. And anyone can put them on without batting an eye. 3 wave-lengths: Demi, little jiffy-size. Natural-Full, street-length version. Ultra-Full, for the lady who wants to leave them gasping.

'Private Eyelashes' by Revlon


ma
griffe
carven
ma griffe is my signature
MA GRIFFE IN PERFUME.
EAU DE COLOGNE.
SAVON. PARFUM CREME

NEW ORLEANS NASHVILLE BATON ROUGE JACKSON BEAUMONT

Gus Mayer



THE BLUM STORE, PHILADELPHIA AL ROSENTHAL'S, OKLAHOMA CITY LEVY'S, MEMPHIS SELMAN'S, LOUISVILLE

malcolm starr

for restless wanderers

the soft-touch appeal of sueded buffalo calf in new leather accessories for your roam away from home. Wonderful to have on hand in the local superbazaar or weekending at an in-oasis. A caravan of colors—brick, moss green, teal, or tarnished gold.

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Registrar® Billfold $7.50, Princess "Tri-Partite" French Purse $7.50, "Continental" Clutch $10., Cigarette Case $4., Cigarette Lighter $3.50, Eyeglass Case $3.50, Key Gard® $3.50, Secretary $9. Prince Gardner, St. Louis, Mo., A Division of Swank, Inc.

JORDAN MARSH

NEW ENGLAND'S LARGEST STORE

Neal - McClintock

lights up the night with chiffon, frosted with a gilet of white lace. Completing the effect . . . the aura of TAJI Chiffon spray cologne, the fragrance that lingers. The dress, 195. from the Jordan Marsh Designers' Shop. Taji spray cologne, 5.00; perfume oil, 7.50, from the street floor collection of fine perfumes.




jr. Sophisticates
AT FINE STORES

If no one compliments you on your perfume, perhaps it isn't there

Even the most precious and costly of perfumes fly off and leave you flat.

Taji was conceived not to linger for a few fleeting moments, but to last through day or night.

A delicately balanced blend of verdant florals, sophisticated herbs and other rare and rarely used scents, hauntingly beautiful Taji is what traditional perfumes are not. Taji is at last, a perfume that lasts.

Taji perfume, perfume oil, cologne and complete collection of delights for body and bath. From $3.50, at fine stores in America.



TAJI

At last a perfume that lasts



Pattullo—Jo Copeland

illumines the
Stanley Korshak Look for evening
in a dress and coat of
sumptuous brocade
furred with natural Demi-Buff* mink.

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THE NEW METALLIC RAGE!

by Helena Rubinstein®

Lipstick is having a case of the glitters and for the first time, eye shadow glows along!

FOR YOUR LIPS:
Three precious-metal tones. News to wear alone, marvelous mixers too. Bronze Rage! Silver Rage! Gold Rage! Plus three shades that hint of glint, rage with color. Pink Rage! Orange Rage! Flame Rage!

FOR YOUR EYES:
Shadow shades that reflect the shimmer of your smile. Bronze Rage! Silver Rage! Gold Rage!

Start collecting. A girl just can't have enough!



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Behold KiKU, soul
of golden flower, shame-less
essence of woman



Fantasy voyage into wonder-full pleasure land of blissful bath . . . exquisite gossamer robe of new-fashioned shimmering scent.

KiKU

Latest, greatest Fabergé master piece — dazzles senses, divines body. Proves new ancient proverb: woman who feels beautiful, *looks* beautiful, *is* beautiful.

KiKU

Many-splendoured scent of endless delights to excite ego, enchant eye . . . in tassel'd lacquer-yellow treasure boxes, most luxe gift.

KiKU

Happy keepsake collection: **Bath Powder** in glorious golden globe with magnificent down-soft puff . . . **After Bath Cologne** like sun dance on cool waterfall . . . fragrant **Bath Soap** carved like yen . . . **Bath Oil**, deeply perfumed concentrate with measuring ladle . . . **Bodysoft**, for delectation of skin all over.

KiKU

FABERGÉ



Meadow Song: a new Towle Sterling pattern.

It doesn't look new.
It doesn't look old.
But isn't that the meaning of "timeless"?



Timelessness: It's what "The Towle Reputation" is all about.

For color folders showing this and other Towle patterns, write Towle Silversmiths, Dept. H2, Newburyport, Mass.

PATTERN COPYRIGHT BY TOWLE. ©TOWLE 1967

Deep down inside everybody, there's a thick white carpet.

Lees has that carpet in 12 different colors of white.

You've lived through carpets of pale blue and pale green. And once in a rush of almost-madness you bought an almost-purple carpet. But you keep seeing yourself on a carpet of white. Thick white. Soft white. Movie-star white. Why not?

At Lees we're ready if you're ready. We can help you express that white-carpeted urge in any of 12 different colors of white. If white grape isn't your idea of the color a white carpet should be, then maybe Dutch cream is. Or Chinese ivory. Or nine other colors of white. The important thing is, which will go best with you, your Cole Porter 78's, your feathery mules. Only you know about that. All we know is we're ready for you.

LEES
CARPETS

©Lees Carpets, a Div. of Burlington Ind.



desert flower

For centuries women have been helping themselves to the gel that keeps the aloe vera plant healthy and blooming, even in the desert. This basic skin care helped women soothe, smooth, soften, protect their skin. Actually it helped their skin take care of itself. It was the most they could do for their skin.

skin care by Mother Nature.



Desert Flower

Now help yourself to the same amazing aloe vera gel in night cream, moisturizer, hand and body lotion, cleanser, and toner. This, too, is basic care for all kinds of skin. Only we add special ingredients. So we actually improve on nature's way to help skin take care of itself. It's the least you can do for your skin.

skin care by Shulton.



When they start referring to your group as "the girls"



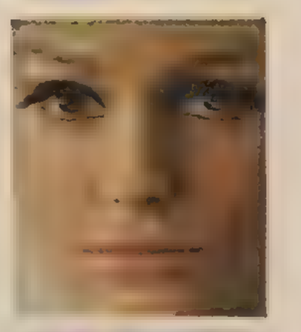
...take action with a simple skin plan designed for the "almost young" woman. Those little laugh lines aren't so funny and crow's feet are very expressive—of your age. Take action before they deepen into something you could cry over.

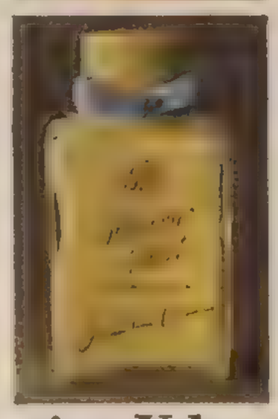
Most beauty rituals were designed for people with nothing else to do. They involve so many different preparations, so much stroking and massaging, they fail because you don't have the time or patience to stick to them.

One superb solution. Jacqueline Cochran has formulated one extraordinary liquid cream that does the work of half a dozen preparations. Rich in exclusive, superbly effective Hydrolin, it's called Flowing Velvet—and that's precisely how it feels.

So simple to use—it's habit forming, not a hardship. Clean skin well before applying (our Seven Layer Cleanser takes off as much make-up as you put on), then smooth on Flowing Velvet. Absolutely non-greasy, Flowing Velvet disappears into your skin so you can wear it under make-up or alone—invisibly, day or night.

A conspicuous difference. "A few days on Flowing Velvet" and your skin begins to rally. Soon fatigue and little lines begin to lessen. Your skin takes on a finer texture, gains moisture and resiliency, collects dividends the first day you use Flowing Velvet and for years to come. From $3.50 (2 ounces).





Flowing Velvet
by Jacqueline Cochran

A TOTAL BEAUTY PLAN FOR THE WOMAN WHO HAS SOMETHING ELSE TO DO

BE SURE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE GETTING INTO

When it's time to slip into something more comfortable, try this. A rajah-looking paisley jacquard jacket of wool and Antron® with silvery buttons and pure wool slip-on pants. Both knits, soft, supple and relaxed. So be sure you have the most entertaining look around.

BE SURE IT'S A Catalina®

Catalina, Inc. • Another Fine Kayser-Roth Product

Guerlain created Chant d'Arômes as an enduring gift
of delicate spring flowers. Now the beauty of its fragrance is captured in a spray
of antique porcelain design. Eau de toilette for the dressing table.
Perfume for the purse. Refillable, of course.



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BONNIE CASHIN'S CHIPMUNK FOR SILLS 425.00*

*slightly lower on the East Coast

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The new fashion message in ***Fouke-Dyed Black Alaska Fur Seal,*** *the limited edition fur. Accented with white ermine.*

CELANESE: NOUVEAU RICCI



Ricci's sophisticated black dress cinches the waist and plunges low at the neckline. Interpreted in black satin of Arnel triacetate and cotton. About $135. At Green Room, BLOOMINGDALE'S, New York; French Room, BULLOCK'S WILSHIRE, Los Angeles; French Room, FILENE'S, Boston.

CELANESE ARNEL
Add a fiber from Celanese and good things get better

Celanese® Arnel®

VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

Turtle notes, second chorus

She's singing again. The second time around Polly Bergen has added seven new verses to her original Oil of the Turtle moisturizing foam, a turtle whose voice is heard loud in our land. Miss Bergen has expanded the nifty aerosol idea of that one to a mint-green cleansing foam to speed and improve facial laundry. For all-over laundry she has a Deep Sea Soap, a raspberry-coloured number that claims, and we believe it, to be the only soap yet to combine oil of the turtle and healing allantoin. Her crushed-almond Scrub aims as gently as honey, which is also in it, at problem spots, rough patches, soily deposits. Concentrating on extra measures, Miss Bergen came up with just that form of turtle oil in depth, Night Concentrate, an apricot-tinted gel with a negative attitude about lines and crinkles. There's a turtleized skin freshener that makes a nice compromise between startling astringent and heavy lotion. And a cream moisturizer that's a solid version of the famous aerosol turtle moisturizer for especially dry skins. And a Deep Sea Bath Treatment, something turtles should know all about. Name of Polly Bergen's song? All Oil of the Turtle, and askable-forable by that name. Variations on a theme. . . .

Signing your bath properly?

You're perhaps tired of hearing about what's your real signature. Your perfume, your shoes, your hair, your fingernails, your handbag. They're all candidates and we have still another one. Your bath. Idea is not to sign it with an X. Spell it out. Make it say "An entrancing creature is bathing here." Make it say that to you, as well as to the rooms that adjoin your bathroom. Carven's come along with new, rousingly fragrant, skin-softening assistance to add to its previous bath-signers. A bubble bath named Velvet Foam, gloriously scented with Ma Griffe (which just incidentally means My Signature). And a spray shower oil, which of course can be just as effective before or after a tub bath, that's generously endowed with emollients and again with the zing of Ma Griffe. . . . Should you wish to make your signature even bolder, keep its ambience about you long après-bath. you will be interested in other Carven news, a hair spray deeply perfumed with Ma Griffe—Robe d'un Soir, too. if that's your flavour. (More Ready Beauty, page 130.)

- BERGDORF GOODMAN, **New York**
- FLAH'S, **Albany**
- HUTZLER'S, **Baltimore**
- JORDAN MARSH, **Boston**
- STANLEY KORSHAK, **Chicago**
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washable 100% Dacron® polyester double knit.
Coat in Go Go Green, Coral, or French Navy.
Dress in Cream White with matching trim.
Ensemble in sizes 6 to 18, about $75*.
Dress available alone,
in Go Go Green, Coral, or French Navy with Cream White trim.
About $36*.
At these fine stores and their branches.
Bloomingdale's, New York; Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn;
W. Filene's Sons Co., Boston; G. Fox & Co., Hartford;
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VALLEY SET, A DIVISION OF AMERICAN GOLFER
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"C'est Tweed (

), n'est-ce pas?"

"Aren't you wearing Tweed?"

AVAILABLE IN PERFUME / COLOGNE / MIST / SHEER TWEED BODY BOUQUET / SOAP / BATH POWDER LENTHÉRIC LONDON • PARIS • NEW YORK

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Double knit wool jersey. 525 Seventh Avenue, New York

Welcome to the world of Trans World Airlines.



Welcome to the jet-smooth sleekness of Somali leopard.* *Also available in jaguar, cheetah, tiger and ocelot.

Leafs
NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y.



Spray, spray, spray Pantene spray to your hair's content. All you can do is good.

Who's afraid of hair spray, now that Pantene is in the U.S.A.? A favorite in Europe, it now has its own cult here spreading the do-good word. Made here from a unique Swiss formula it does all sorts of deep-conditioning as it holds your hairdo chic and shiny. Brushes right out, leaving hair soft and touchable. Not a bit of stickiness. In three types for different hair styles. Hair Spray de Pantene is at the best stores including

BLOOMINGDALE'S
WOODWARD & LOTHROP
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The nouveau chic of Fouke-dyed black-Alaska fur seal. The limited edition fur.



In a single-breasted coat with boxed pleats at the sides and small collar.

Leafs

NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y.


a Marvelous Mood to be in:
Rosy Glow
VANITY FAIR



THE NO LAUGHING MATTER MATTER. Invited to the estate of an evil dictator noted for his atrocious jokes, the three unfortunates before you made the mistake of yawning at one of his very best punch lines.

At dawn they faced a choice; crack up or croak. (The chap on the right is doubled over with laughter, not lead.)

Waiting his turn, The Fog (your left, victims' right) undid the rope on his wrists and, in a twinkling, bullwhipped the entire firing squad into submission. Once free, The Fog destroyed the dictator's army, and his complete collection of funny stories. Having, as usual, the last laugh on wickedness.

A LONDON FOG PRODUCTION

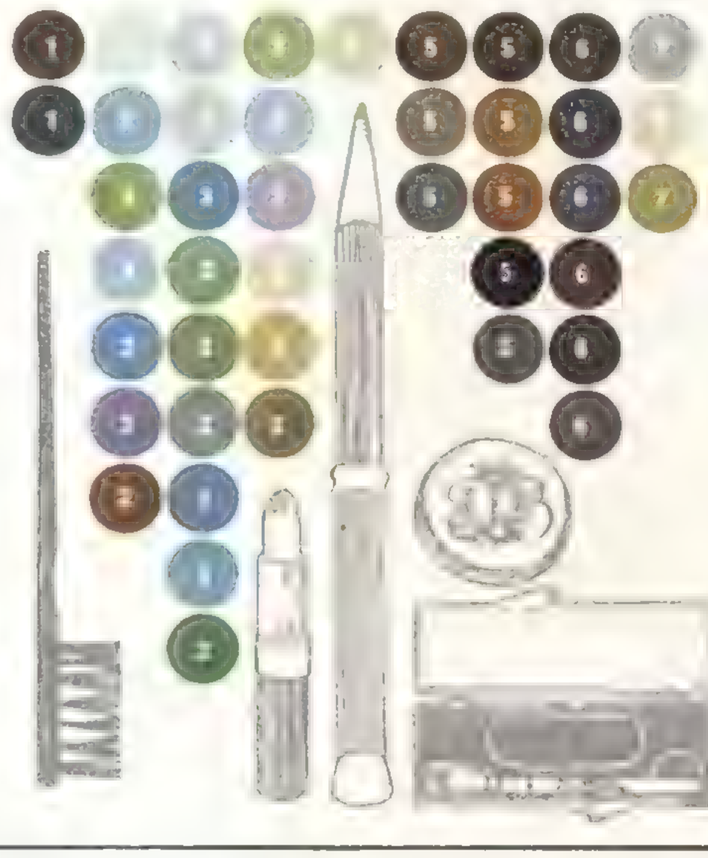
"Let there be no climate where Evil may flourish."

CAMELOT WITH ZIP OUT LINER ABOUT $70.00 WITHOUT LINER THE CARLISLE ABOUT $45.00 SLIGHTLY HIGHER WEST OF THE ROCKIES! © 1967, LONDONTOWN®, BALTIMORE, MD.

DuBarry® has a system for creating beautiful eyes. It's called painting by numbers.

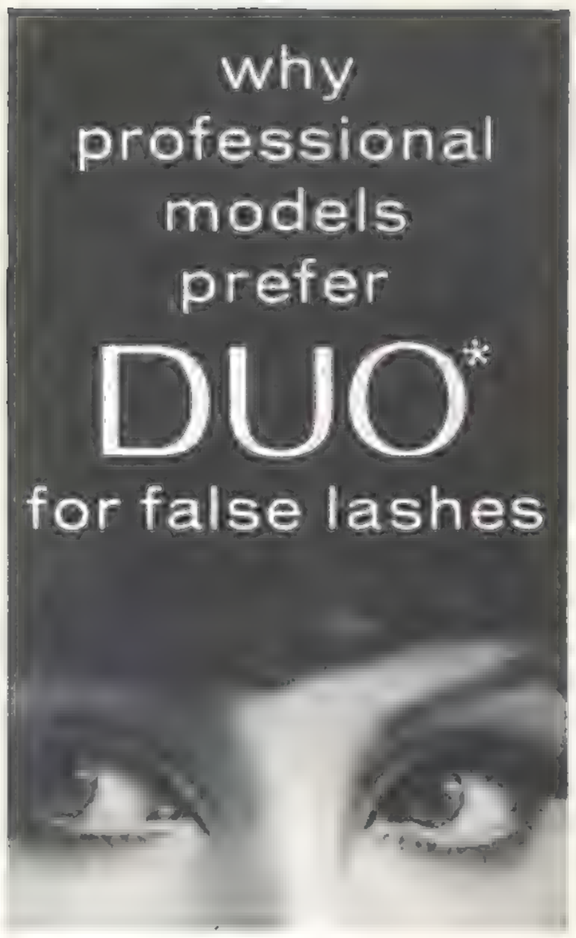


Here's how the system works. The dots on the chart represent DuBarry's eye make-up products. The dots on the eye show you where they go.
(1) DuBarry Colour Cake Liner, at the lash line to make your eyes larger. (2) Eye Shadow Stick, in the crease of the lid. (3) Colour Cake Shadow or DuBarry Brush On Powdered Eye Shadow between Liner and Shadow Stick. (4) Neutre Colour Cake Blender to highlight your brow bone. Blend lightly. (5) Brush On Brow Liner or Eye Brow Pencil, to shape and accent. (6) DuBarry Cake Mascara or Brush On Fluid to make your lashes luscious. (7) Glacé on your lids for evening glitter.
Experiment. Dabble in different colors. Match your eye color, your clothes, your moods. It's all very easy, when you know the system.



DuBarry. Inventor of beauty systems.

© DuBarry 1967



For many years, models and other smart women who wear false eyelashes have used Duo, the surgical adhesive originally created for hospital use. Duo is a waterproof adhesive with "extra" holding power yet it keeps its flexibility so that it cannot cake, flake or become brittle. Duo's pure surgical formula is absolutely non-irritating to the skin and the eyes. It never causes tears.

Duo is easier to use because it stays where it's put, doesn't run into lashes. And it's invisible when it dries. Easy-to-put-on Duo is easy to take off, too. It lifts off the false lash in a clean strip.

Your druggist, your cosmetician, your beautician will all tell you that Duo Eyelash Adhesive has no equal. It not only is the easiest and most effective way to put on your lashes . . . Duo *is safer!* You owe it to your eyes to get Duo today, as other smart women do. Now at drug and cosmetic counters everywhere . . . complete with handy applicator.

FOR FREE BOOKLET, *"Professional Tips on Wearing False Lashes," send your name and address to Duo, P.O. Box 41, Dept. V-1, Jamaica, N.Y. 11434.*



DUO surgical formula
EYELASH ADHESIVE

Your money's keeper



Two for petit cash, above left, a soft green leather change purse on a mock-tortoiseshell frame. Above right, a tan leather trimmed version of the French purse, in smooth bone-coloured leather. Both by St. Thomas. Green purse, $2. Bone one, $6. At Altman's.



KAZ

Theme: the French purse . . . the link, a braid of 18-k gold loops joined by corals—a bracelet at Lambert Brothers. In front: the littlest purse of all; in red Corfam, pocketed to one side. In back of this: an oyster-coloured one, of turtle grain leather. Behind these, flat and tabbed, the French purse in red turtle. By Bond Street. Red Corfam, about $8. Oyster-coloured, about $9. Red turtle, about $33. Bonwit Teller.



The Gorgeous Princess Gown

The "Gorgeous Princess Gown" is made of Crepe de Lys®, a glorious blend of Monsanto nylon, silk and polyester. In gold and blue. Petite, small, medium. About $40.00. Look for this and other "CHARACTER by MATEJ" pretties in a selection of woven for forever and a day fabrics. All by Registered at the stores listed below. For other fine stores near you write to Character, 261 Madison Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. and we'll tell you where you can buy "The Gorgeous."

NYLON Monsanto

Baltimore, Md.
HUTZLER BROTHERS
Beverly Hills, Calif.
I. MAGNIN & CO.
Boston, Mass.
BONWIT TELLER
Charlotte, N.C.
MONTALDO'S
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BONWIT TELLER
Cleveland, Ohio
BONWIT TELLER
Columbus, Ohio
MONTALDO'S
Durham, N.C.
MONTALDO'S
Greensboro, N.C.
MONTALDO'S
Grosse Point, Mich.
WALTON-PIERCE
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L. S. AYRES & CO., INC.
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SWANSONS
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BYCK BROS. & CO., INC.
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BONWIT TELLER
New York, N.Y.
HENRI BENDEL, INC.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
BONWIT TELLER & CO.
San Francisco, Calif.
I. MAGNIN & CO.

Once upon a time, in Forest Hills, there lived a Princess. She had almost everything her heart desired. Ball gowns, baubles, little woodland people to make her laugh, and an enormous collection of glass slippers with very nice stacked heels. But she didn't have a thing to wear to bed. One day a lady-in-waiting announced, tremulously, a lingerie purveyor disguised as a lingerie purveyor. He was the trillionth one. Would he, could he please the Princess? From a genuine vinyl-tapestry bag, he produced a gown so splendid that the Princess gasped royally. It was called Character. By Matej. It was edged in fragile lace. It was made of Crepe de Lys.® Which is made by Registered. "I hope it pleases your fairness," he said, shyly. The Princess gasped again. "It's launderable," he said helpfully. "No muss, no fuss, no bother. And it comes in your choice of blue or gold. The fabric is woven by Registered. And Crepe de Lys goes on and on and on. Like boys and girls forever," he said, breathlessly. "Dreamwear from Registered," the Princess whispered. "Dreamwear from Registered." "It's yours for just a song," he said, happily. And so the Princess sang to the lingerie purveyor and they were married and lived happily ever after. For he was a prince among men.



Otani

Crepe de Lys® by
REGISTERED FABRICS CORP.
475 Fifth Avenue, New York 10017

GOSSARD KEEPS AMERICA BEAUTIFUL

Try the lighter, prettier way to flatten your tummy. Try famous criss-cross control in new Lace Answer. With scallopy stretch lace. With new midriff-trimming top. Sheer. But controlling. Try Lace Answer. In white Dacron® polyester and Lycra® spandex. Long-leg 494, $15. High-top long-leg 496, $17. Flair low-side bra 4044, $6. Flair bra 3328, $5. The H. W. Gossard Co., 111 N. Canal St., Chicago 60606.



®DuPont registered trademarks

No beauty treatment works alone.



That's why DuBarry makes a whole System for Inner Light. Paradox.

It takes a whole system of products designed to work together, and with you. We call it Paradox—the System for Inner Light. It is a four-step system. The first three steps take three minutes in the morning, every morning. And three minutes at night, every night. The fourth step is enough sleep, the right food, fresh air, some exercise. That takes all day and all night. But it's free. The first three steps cost money. But think what it costs you to be less beautiful than you could be. You're never too young to start.

DuBarry. Inventor of beauty systems.

© DuBarry, 1967

If you have problems with your hair, drown them in a bottle.



This one.

Restor's the name. And *restore* is what it does. Turns troubled hair into tempting beauty again. Makes it vibrant with natural health. (Remember how it was when you were twelve? Before it was over-bleached? Or over-tinted? Or over-exposed to sun and wind and other nasty, harsh things?) *That's* the sort of thing Restor can do.

Restor doesn't just coat hair shafts temporarily; it penetrates and works its magic on each individual shaft. (And you can't get more effective than that.)

Of course, you won't find Restor just anywhere. You have to ask for it at better beauty salons. Such as those in the Charles of the Ritz salons. Here talented hair stylists enthusiastically endorse Restor to keep hair healthy, hold the set better. There's nothing like Restor. Anywhere. See for yourself . . . soon.

Featured in better beauty salons through the United States and Canada such as Charles of the Ritz.

For salons where you may obtain Restor, write:
BŪTY-WAVE PRODUCTS CO., INC.
7323 Beverly Boulevard
Los Angeles, Calif. 90036

BEAUTY CHECKOUT

(Continued from page 22) crème. They're much more careful now, I'd say." Careful to use sun-screens. Careful to use sun-blocks where they're called for. Careful to look for shelter, or to wear it in the form of a hat. Certainly one of the charming sights of the season was that of a wise and well-advised beauty floating like a waterflower in the shade of a creamy brimmed hat. Site: the sea side of a yacht anchored off Capri. Waterflower: Mrs. William Paley. . . .

A-R-A: the hard-to-get telephone number

Its owner is in his late twenties, of medium height, slight. But in his own way he's visually as unmissable as the great model Veruschka, with whom, as it happens, his own star has gone into a parallel and not disassociated ascent. He wears a pair of cleancut porkchop sideburns (Sebastian burns is the current term for these). A mop of curly brown hair springs from the pushed-back, short-billed visor of the dark felt cap he wears at work—a Japanese schoolboy's cap, its leather band hung with gold watchfob ornaments and "whatever else I pick up wherever I go." Quick as an eel, good-natured, enthusiastic, intuitive, he can be counted on to produce a melting smile or the right word to soften the climate when all hell breaks loose at a photographic studio. He is Ara. The selfsame Ara Gallant about whom—and whose whereabouts—questions are asked by Vogue readers, fashion photographers, moom picture ladies, hairdressing salon-owners who admire the hairdressing attributed to Ara in the pages of Vogue, but haven't a clue as to the author's place of business. And, we have to admit, a hairdresser who hasn't a hairdressing address to his name does take explaining. . . . Ara, gallant chap, is—by his own devising and in his own words—solely a "photographic stylist." Hair is his business. Coiffing photographic models for the camera is the whole of it. There is no precedent, to our knowledge, for the profession Ara has cut out for himself—unless you count the hairdressers who work only on the moving-picture lots and are not available to a private hairdressing clientele. . . . What Ara does in his styling for fashion photography is think big. He establishes a line or look on the grand, or highly dramatized scale, explaining that women then have to adapt photographic hairdressing to their own proportions and their own lives. "Most women can't take it straight off the page. They'll look like *ideas*, not real, live women if they do." . . . Product of this era's hairdressing revolution, Ara was among the first hairdressers to use Dynel switches, among the first to devise whole headpieces of hair and bibelots, among the first to deal with the head as a piece of vastly ornamental fashion. (Earlier in his career he was seriously at play in the fields of fashion; had gone to school at New York's Fashion Institute of Technology.) . . . Does he envision ever returning to the confines of salon life? "I don't think so; I love what I'm doing. . . . But there is a need for a hairdressing service most women can not get today," he observes. "There should be a stylist with whom a woman could spend three or four hours at a time, just working out looks for various phases of her life—a way to wear the hair for skiing, for town, for the islands, for evening. How could one hair-style be right for all?" . . .

Decalcomania mania

The tattoos that are really decalcomaniae—ornate word for transfer stick-ons—have charmed their way a long way lately. Found their places on the ankles of attractive beauties, the tummies of the seven-year-olds, and in one case—on the forehead of a distinguished Spanish woman of a certain age. Why? Because they amuse. Possible next form of tattoo decals: eye makeup. Why not? Where a complex eye makeup pattern is wanted (tangled lashes, painstaking little brush strokes of white interspersed with strokes of grey) a decal could do it in seconds.

The last jar you open at night
can help you look younger first thing in the morning

This little jar is full of happier tomorrows.
Prettier tomorrows. It contains
Ritual Night Treatment. A new cream—
so light, so effective that as little as
a fingertip of it is all you need to massage
into your skin. There it disappears,
doing its work invisibly. In fact, unless
you tell him, your husband won't
suspect a beauty treatment is going on.
But he'll know the next morning. And
ten years from now he'll love you for it.

RITUAL NIGHT TREATMENT

a new preparation from

Charles of the Ritz



©CHARLES OF THE RITZ 1957

FOREVER ITALY

Fashion's latest looks for fall arrayed against the eternal skyline of Rome. Seven ideas from Italy for the woman in search of something excitingly new.





ITALIAN FASHION LINE-UP

LANCETTI's calf-length coat in printed wool by Faudella, Biella.

Boxy coat by GALITZINE in white wool, brown flecked, by Nattier, Turin.

FORQUET's diagonal striped coat in brown and rust wool by Helita, Miagliano (Biella).

Belted coat by ANTONELLI in glen plaid by Helita.

Raincoat with vizored hood by FABIANI in Nattier fabric.

Pedal-pusher pantsuit and coat by SORELLE FONTANA in fabrics by Mossmer and Gandini, Milan.

CAROSA's calf-length coat in scarlet wool by S.A.N.E.T., Turin.

Photo by Grillo, Rome.

HOW FAR WILL YOU GO FOR $25? Go to any of 75 cities in 10 northeastern states and Canada (except Montreal). Go to one city and come back...go to a host of cities and come back...one fare covers all—$25.00 for the whole weekend from 12:01 am Sat. to 6 pm Sun. Check Mohawk schedules in your city or call your Travel Agent and take off on "**WEEKENDS UNLIMITED**"* from Mohawk.



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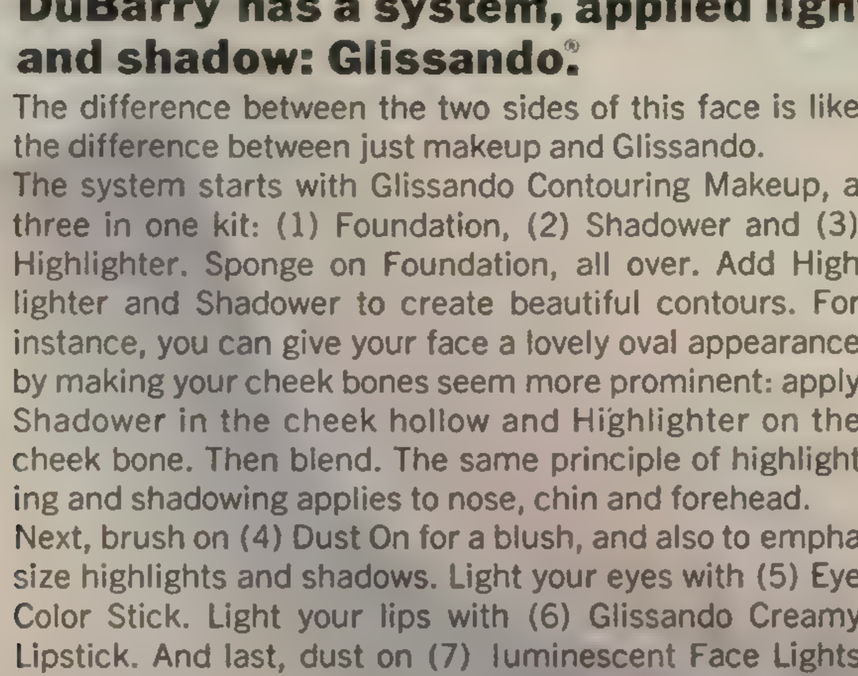
Turn on your most beautiful face.
DuBarry® has a system, applied light and shadow: Glissando®.

The difference between the two sides of this face is like the difference between just makeup and Glissando.

The system starts with Glissando Contouring Makeup, a three in one kit: (1) Foundation, (2) Shadower and (3) Highlighter. Sponge on Foundation, all over. Add Highlighter and Shadower to create beautiful contours. For instance, you can give your face a lovely oval appearance by making your cheek bones seem more prominent: apply Shadower in the cheek hollow and Highlighter on the cheek bone. Then blend. The same principle of highlighting and shadowing applies to nose, chin and forehead.

Next, brush on (4) Dust On for a blush, and also to emphasize highlights and shadows. Light your eyes with (5) Eye Color Stick. Light your lips with (6) Glissando Creamy Lipstick. And last, dust on (7) Iuminescent Face Lights for that lovely all over glow.

That's the system. It's easy. It's natural. It lasts all day. And you'll love what the right lights and shadows can do.



DuBarry.
Inventor of beauty systems.

© DuBarry 1967



Georges
Kaplan,
the designer.

Great way to get caught in the rain. Jacques Kaplan's inspired marriage of raindrop-clear vinyl and black-dyed Swakara® karakul lamb from South West Africa.
At Georges Kaplan, 730 Fifth Avenue, New York.

The most revolutionary thing that's happened to hair since Samson & Delilah



Beautiful Hair

NEW SOFT & SUPPLE* 8 WEEK SET...ONLY FROM BRECK

Nobody knows like a hairdresser what a revolutionary new product like this can do. Here's the gentle, just-enough style support that your hair needs. All types respond beautifully to Breck's Soft & Supple 8 Week Set—even color-treated hair. It's the perfect base for the new shapes and styles...from smooth to curved. And such a beauty treatment! You'll be enchanted with the softness and dazzling radiance...and you will love the idea that Soft & Supple takes only 15 minutes longer than ordinary shampoo-and-set time. Breck Soft & Supple—a new salon service available only at your hairdresser's.

*Trademark



Introducing
Irma Shorell's MOISTURE/35
– the first all-day protective,
firming moisturizer!



Irma Shorell's
Extraordinary
Once-a-Year Offer!



IRMA SHORELL

Here is your opportunity to receive — at no cost — a generous jar of MOISTURE/35 — the first daytime cosmetic to truly MOISTURIZE • FIRM • PROTECT mature skin.

Unlike any other moisturizer, MOISTURE/35 contains closely guarded little-known but miraculously effective natural firming agents combined with the finest, most beneficial moisturizing ingredients regardless of cost.

Absorbed almost instantly, MOISTURE/35 is yours as part of this special SKIN-CARE COLLECTION of the three *unique* preparations that assure the finest possible care for mature skin . . . Irma Shorell's CONTOUR/35, MOISTURE/35 and FORMULA for CLEANSING in a luxury patent leather-looking cosmetic case. Perfect for home or travel. A $30 value for only $17.50.

Containing NO HORMONES or STEROIDS, CONTOUR/35 — used nightly — has been remarkably effective in restoring a vibrant, youthful appearance to many of the world's most attractive women . . . notables of stage and screen, members of the International and Diplomatic set. Its natural firming agents were highly beneficial in firming the face and neck and smoothing out telltale lines.

The 'skin-care collection' luxury cosmetic case offer is for a **limited time only.**

IRMA SHORELL'S SKIN-CARE COLLECTION *($30 value)* $17.50

Write or phone
HENRI BENDEL, New York
L. L. BERGER, Buffalo
TRES JOLIE, Pittsburgh
M. M. COHN, Little Rock
REGENSTEIN'S, Atlanta
NEUSTETERS, Denver
THE POPULAR, El Paso

Small change, loose powder, stray ideas



Small change, above: black spots splashed over a white cowhide mini-billfold with a black leather pocket for change.
The matching folder—with pen and writing pad for all quick notes and lists. Billfold, $6. Folder, $8.
Both by Enger Kress. At Altman's. Both beautifully guarded by a black onyx tiger rampant on a splash of diamonds—a pin for Veneto 57 by Erwin Pearl.

KAZ



Double your money, above: a twice-as-big version of the coin purse in lavender pleated crêpe with a mock-tortoiseshell frame. Can double as a makeup case, in which you might carry the square compact shown here—of brass with a blue plastic top narrowly edged in black and white. Coin purse by Koret, $9. Bonwit Teller. Compact by Caspary Creations, $7, Altman's.

Lisette
LINGERIE

Designs by Al Sterling shown on opposite page available at these fine stores:

Alexandria, La. .....Wellan's Inc.
Altoona, Pa. .....Bon Ton Dept. Store
Atlanta, Ga. .....Rich's, Inc.

Baton Rouge, La. Goudchaux's, Inc.
Battle Creek, Mich. L. W. Robinson Co.
Birmingham, Ala. Pizitz, Inc.
Boston, Mass. Conrad & Chandler
Braintree, Mass. Touraine Stores, Inc.
Brooklyn, N. Y. .....Abraham & Straus
Buffalo, N. Y. ....William Hengerer Co.

Cedar Rapids, Ia. Armstrong's Inc.
Charleston, W. Va. .....The Diamond
Chicago, Ill. .....Carson Pirie Scott
Cincinnati, Ohio .....Shillito's
Cleveland, Ohio .....May Dept. Stores
Columbia, S. C. ..... James L. Tapp Co.
Columbus, Ohio .....Lazarus Co.

Dallas, Texas .. ..Sanger-Harris
Davenport, Iowa .....Petersen's
Dayton, Ohio ....Rike's
Daytona Beach, Fla. J. B. Ivey & Co.
Denver, Colo. .....Fashion Bar
Des Moines, Iowa ....Younker Brothers
Detroit, Mich. ..Winkelman Stores, Inc.

El Paso, Texas Popular Dry Goods
Erie, Pa. Trask's

Fairmont, W. Va. J. M. Hartley & Son
Ferndale, Mich. Albert's Inc.
Flint, Mich. Smith-Bridgman & Co.

Glendale, Calif. Webb's Shops Inc.
Grand Rapids, Mich. .....Herpolsheimer
Greensboro, N. C. .....Prago-Guyes Inc.

Houston, Texas .....Craig's Ltd.
Houston, Texas .....Foley's
Huntington, W. Va. ....T. A. Nasser Co.

Jacksonville, Fla. .....Vogue Shops Inc.
Jamaica, N. Y. . ..... B. Gertz, Inc.

Lansing, Mich. ... J. W. Knapp Co. Inc.
Lewistown, Pa. .....Danks & Co.
Los Angeles, Calif. Roberts Dept. Store
Los Angeles, Calif. Charleston's Stores

McKeesport, Pa. Cox's Inc.
Meadville, Pa. Crawford Store, Inc.
Memphis, Tenn. B. Lowenstein & Bro.
Milwaukee, Wisc. .....The Grand
Minneapolis, Minn. ....Dayton Co.
Minneapolis, Minn. .....Stevenson's

New Haven, Conn. .....Edw. Malley Co.
New York, N. Y. .....Albrecht's Stores
New York, N. Y. .....Franklin Simon
Newark, N. J. .....Bamberger's

Oakland, Calif. .....Frances Shop Inc.
Omaha, Nebr. J. L. Brandeis
Orlando, Fla. J. B. Ivey & Co.

Philadelphia, Pa. Lit Bros.
Pittsburgh, Pa. Gimbel Bros.
Pittsburgh, Pa. . Stephen Richard Co.
Portland, Ore. Fred Meyer, Inc.

Quincy, Mass. .....Remick Co. Inc.

Rochester, N. Y. E. W. Edwards & Son
Rochester, N. Y. ..Sibley Lindsay & Curr
Richmond, Va. .....Thalhimers

San Francisco, Calif. .....Macy's Calif.
Scranton, Pa. .....Cleland-Simpson Co.
Seattle, Wash. .....Bon Marche
Spokane ,Wash. .... Bon Marche
Springfield, Mass. ..Albert Steiger, Inc.
St. Louis, Mo. .....Libson Shops, Inc.
St. Petersburg, Fla. Slimers Resort Wear
Syracuse, N. Y. ....E. W. Edwards & Son

Terre Haute, Ind. .....Aldens
Trenton, N. J. ..... Nevius-Voorhees

Washington, D. C. .....Hecht Co.
W. Palm Beach, Fla.....Norman's
Wheeling, W. Va. .....L. S. Good Co.
Winston-Salem, N. C. .....Thalhimers



After sunset, Lisette lights up the scene. Elegance a la mode . . . Lisette's magnificent ensemble that's sure to be treasured by elegant women everywhere. Multi-colored flower and Venice leaves shine like silvery stars on the sweeping peignoir. Matching double shift gown of Firestone Nytelle®, the Soft Nylon. In Frosty White, Blush Pink, Bali Blue, Tangerine, Lime. Sizes: Petite, Small, Medium, Large. The set: about $15.00. At better stores everywhere. For store nearest you, write Lisette Lingerie, Inc., 14 East 32nd Street, New York, N. Y. 10016.

Lisette
LINGERIE
—designs by Al Sterling

The prettiest black lingerie





The prettiest lace brassière, *above*,
sides and back cut down to a minimum,
straps set wide, to suit low backs
and wide décolletages. In lace and
marquisette of Du Pont nylon,
lightly underwired. By Perma Lift, $6.
At Lord & Taylor; Hudson's.



HENRY CLARKE

A short, short pantie girdle, *above*,
that acts in dual capacity to hold tummy
and pantie stockings smoothly in line.
Of Lycra and Du Pont nylon, panelled
all around for extra control. By Treo, $10.
At Best & Co.; Hutzler's, Julius Garfinckel.
Pantie stockings by Hudson.

A quick streak of stretch lace, *right*,
cut low at the back, with adjustable
stretch straps and cups lightly padded
with fiberfill. Of Lycra and Du Pont nylon,
panelled for all-the-way control.
By Lady Marlene, $15. At Best & Co.;
Jordan Marsh, Boston.
Coiffures on this page: Alexandre, Paris.



These are Face-Makers.

They do for a face what Michelangelo did for marble.



Face-Makers mold a face to perfection.

In seconds, these ingenious little sculpture sticks will stroke on a beautiful interplay of highlight, shading and color that makes you look perfect. They make contour makeup as everyday-simple as lipstick.

Want chiseled cheekbones? Classic nose? Less chin? They're yours... in a quick stroke and a blend.

John Robert Powers invented Face-Makers.


You'll whisper romance with French Lilac
COLOGNE, PERFUME, BATH POWDER,
French Lilac
BATH OIL, SOAP TO FIVE DOLLARS.
BY Wrisley

Now, more goes on in the fitting room





than just a Bali bra.

What goes on now—are the first girdles and panty girdles ever from Bali—and we expect Bali lovers everywhere will call this a very important day in their lives.

All the things Bali is known for in bras—fit, quality, comfort and beauty—all these are present to the same degree in the Bali girdle.

Take the fabric. Jacquard Bobbinette, the ultimate elasticized fabric, provides not just 2-way stretch but all-way stretch to mimic every movement you make. The result being a perfect mix of comfort and control.

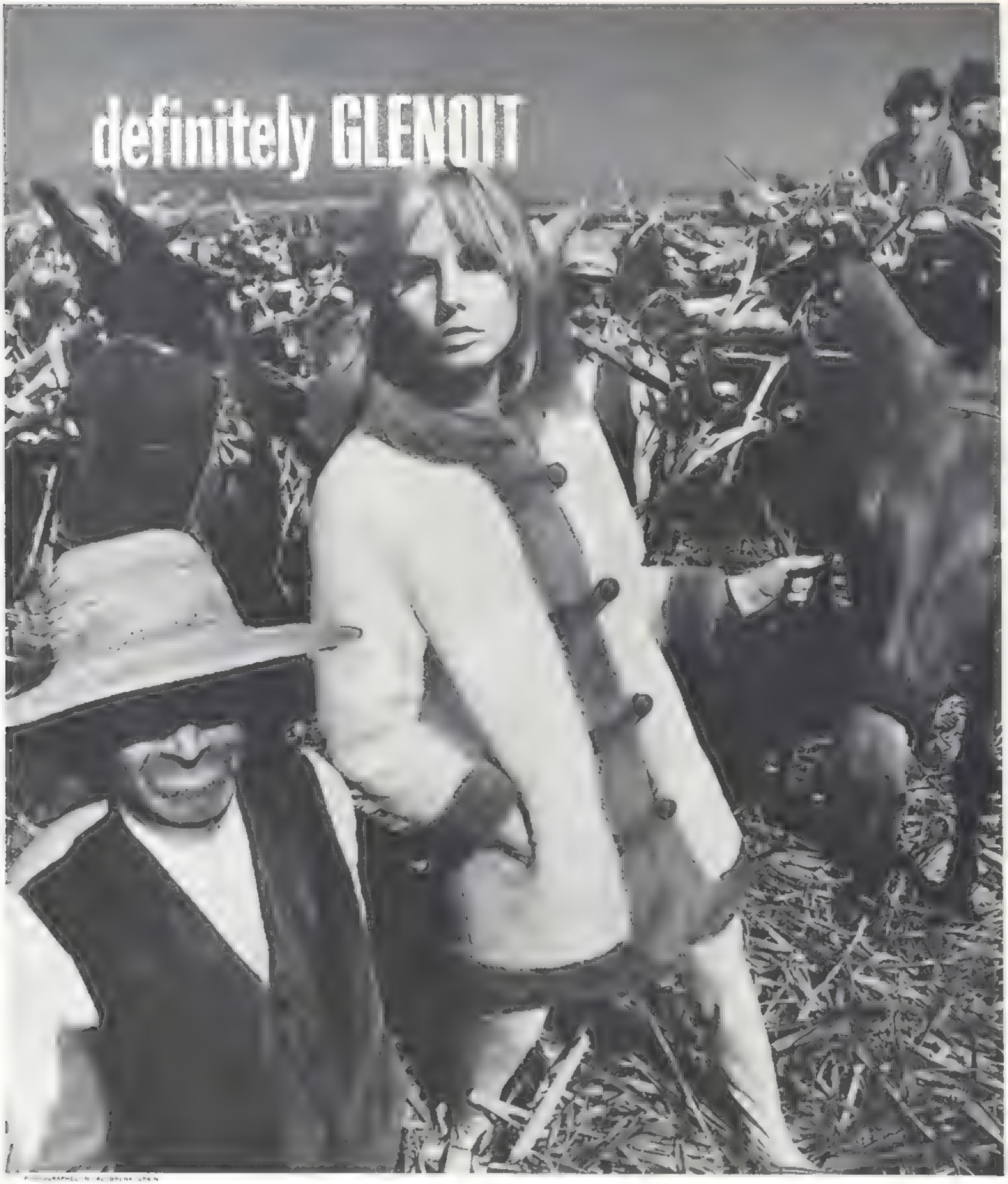
Next, worked into the fabric itself is a design that belongs to Bali alone. Called "Trellis," this twining floral is so placed and spaced that it not only gives the illusion of willowy slenderness, but provides added control.

To eliminate show-through, we've used a minimum of seams (none along the sides!) and new mini-garters. And to make things complete, we've done "Trellis" in bras, garter belts and half slips. All of which means not only can you have a more perfect figure, but be perfectly matched in the process. As we've said, just 5 minutes in a fitting room can mean a better figure for life.

Now, make it five minutes more.

THE BALI COMPANY, INC., 16 EAST 34th STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016

Bali



PHOTOGRAPHED IN ALOBRENA, SPAIN

It was the strangest looking thing. But I loved it from the moment I saw it out in the cane fields in Salobrena. It was definitely Glenoit. The richest of all deep pile fabrics. This, Glenarctic. The double-dimension pile. Here wrapping around a mini-length coat, all buttoned up with real suede. In ash bordered in brown. Sizes 5-15, 6-16. About $36 at B. Altman & Co., New York and all branches; Hochschild, Kohn & Co., Baltimore; Young, Quinlan, Rothschild, Minneapolis; Himelhoch Bros. & Co., Detroit; Halle Bros., Cleveland; Clarke's, Tulsa. By LA SPORT.

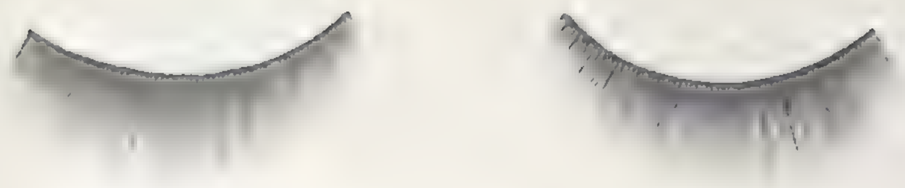
ACRILAN Monsanto

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Nelly de Grab



The gray wool flannel with a
jeweled touch captures the
nocturnal scene. Sizes 8 to 16.
Maxi-length as shown, about $50.
Knee nudging length, about $45.
At B. Altman & Co., New York and branches
Julius Garfinckel, Washington, D. C.
J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles
L. S. Ayres, Indianapolis
and other knowledgeable stores everywhere; or write
Nelly de Grab, 533 Seventh Avenue, New York 10018.



Natural Fine — black or brown



Standard Medium — black or brown



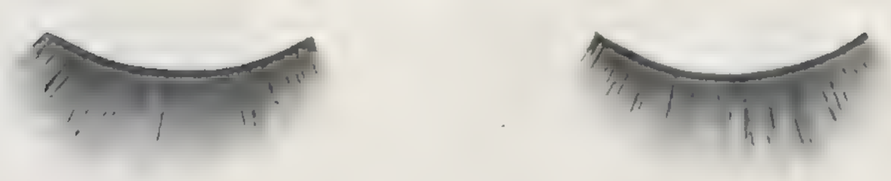
Natural Medium — black or brown



Standard Heavy — black or brown



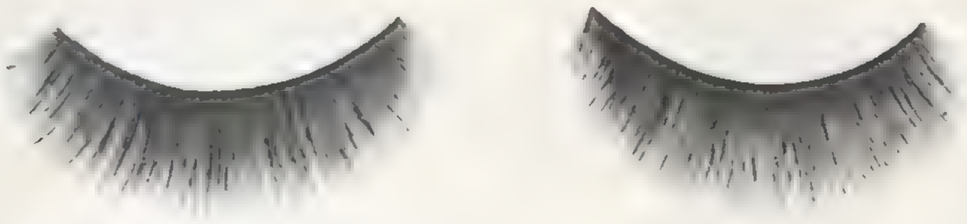
Natural Heavy — black or brown



Demi Lash — black or brown

Because no two women are alike...





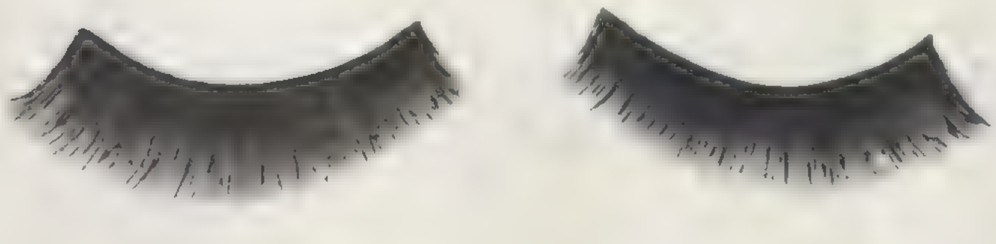
Natural Medium Long — black or brown



Standard Medium Long — black or brown



Natural Heavy Long — black or brown



Standard Heavy Long — black or brown



Natural Triple — black or brown



1-2-3 — black or brown







Glitter Lash — patent leather black



Glitter Lash — gold or silver



Natural Heavy Black/Brown Combination

Andrea sees the eye of fashion in 21 personalized ways



Natural Heavy Black/Brown Combination Long



Natural Deluxe Black/Brown Combination



Natural Shaggy — black or brown



Standard Shaggy — black or brown

Lashes are in — definitely. The shy look, the bold look, the ultra-dramatic look; thick lashes, long lashes, and for the most dazzle, glitter lashes. They're the chic that is today's fashion. They're the finishing touch to the total look that's Now. Lashes to suit your personality . . . to match your mood . . . to accent each activity . . . to flatter your every fashion.

Choose your wardrobe of lash-mates from *Andrea*, the world's most customized collection of 100% European hair lashes — 21 individually-suited styles in all.
Pictured: The most eye-enhancing looks —
Natural, Winged, Dramatic.
The most luscious thicknesses —
Medium, Heavy, Extra-Heavy . . . single, double, triple hair.
The most exciting colors and effects —
Black, Brown, Blue, Violet, Green . . .
exotic Duo-Tones . . . sparkling Glitter. *$4.00 to $12.50.*

1-2-3 . . . YOU'RE AN EYELASH EXPERT

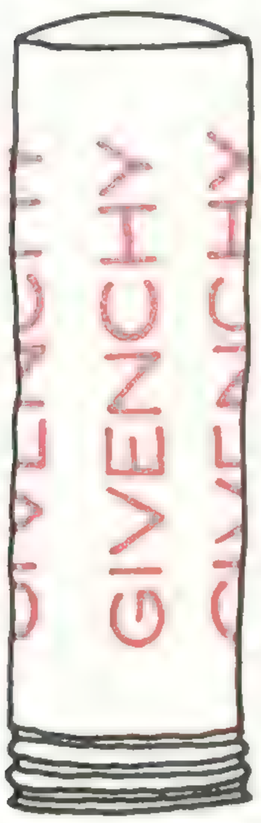
There's an Andrea expert at the cosmetic counter of these fine stores to help you select the lashes that do the most for you. And the unique Andrea WEARANTY offers you 3 FREE CONSULTATIONS to assure you of proper application, personalized fit, and maximum comfort that's so easy on the eyes.

Bamberger's, Newark, N. J.; The Blum Store, Phila., Pa.; Chas. F. Berg, Portland, Oregon; Brandeis, Omaha, Nebraska; City of Paris, San Francisco, Calif.; Brown, Dunkin, Oklahoma City, Okla.; Emporium, San Francisco & Bay area, Calif.; The Fahy Co., Rome, Ga.; Gertz, New York; Gray, Reid & Wright, Carson City & Reno, Nevada; Hecht Co., Washington, D.C.; Joske's, Houston & San Antonio, Texas; Lit Bros., Phila., Pa.; Macy's, California; Joseph Magnin, All stores; Monnig's, Fort Worth, Texas; Sanger-Harris, Dallas, Texas; Swanson's on the Plaza, Kansas City, Mo.; Wanamaker's, Phila., Pa.; Younker Bros., Des Moines, Iowa.
Or write for store nearest you.

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100% EUROPEAN HAIR LASHES

FOREMOST INTERNATIONAL SPECIALIST IN FASHION'S FINEST LASHES
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NAME
DROPPER



The new Givenchy lipstick is proudly signed like any couture creation. Larger 'mannequin' size; new pastelle colours. Learn not to hide the cover when applying lipstick. When they say "Givenchy!"... smile. 3.50.

BULLOCK'S SANTA ANA, HIMELHOCH'S, MAY, D & F AND OTHER POSH STORES

Spangles all the way



TAD WAKAMATSU

Black and silver sequins paving
a long narrow dress; small
mandarin collar, silver sequined belt.
By Lisa Meril. At Martha;
Stanley Korshak; Montaldo's; I. Magnin.
Earrings by Newhouse.
Sandals at I. Miller Galleria.
Coiffure by Pino of Imo and Rosalba,
using Rosalba hairpieces.

The MANCINI design shown opposite is at stores listed below and other fine stores throughout the country.

ALABAMA
Birmingham—BLACH'S
ARIZONA
Phoenix—GOLDWATER'S
CALIFORNIA
Alhambra—BRAGG'S
Arcadia—HINSHAW'S DEPT. STORES, INC.
Beverly Hills—YORKSHIRE'S
Carmichael—THE ROSE TREE
Glendale—JAY ROSS
Long Beach—BUFFUMS'—CALIFORNIA
Montrose—HOLIDAY HAT & GOWN SHOP
Oakland—LOWELL TRAUTMAN
GRACE WHITE OF MONTCLAIR
Redding—B. WINANS
San Diego—EL CORTEZ FASHION QUARTER
San Francisco—LIVINGSTON BROS.
San Jose—LOUANNA SHOPS
San Pedro—DEAN'S
Santa Monica—CAMPBELL'S
Saratoga—SARATOGA ORIGINALS
Whittier—HINSHAW'S DEPT. STORES, INC.
FLORIDA
Jacksonville—ROSENBLUM'S
Miami Beach—MANNEQUIN SHOP
Orlando—GIBBS-LOUIS, INC
St. Petersburg—CAROL BEECHER, INC.
Tallahassee—MAE'S SHOP
GEORGIA
Albany—VOGUE CASUALS
Americus—THE VOGUE
ILLINOIS
Arlington Heights—MURIEL MUNDY, INC.
Elgin—JOSEPH SPIESS CO.
Geneva—ITALIAN GARDENS
Long Grove—THE GOLDEN COCKEREL
Naperville—THE CLOTHES CLOSET
Park Ridge—THE PARK SHOP
Rockford—OWEN'S, INC.
INDIANA
Gary—H. GORDON & SONS
Muncie—TUSSY'S FINE FASHIONS
Valparaiso—MILDRED LANE LADIES SHOP
KANSAS
Topeka—PELLETIER STORES CO.
KENTUCKY
Mayfield—JEANNE ELLIOTT OF MAYFIELD
LOUISIANA
Shreveport—RUBENSTEIN'S
MASSACHUSETTS
Boston—R. H. STEARNS CO.
MICHIGAN
Detroit—DEMERY'S, INC.
MINNESOTA
Minneapolis—BUTTREY STORES, INC.
St. Cloud—VOGUE FASHION SHOP
MISSISSIPPI
Columbus—EGGER'S
Jackson—McRAE'S
MISSOURI
St. Joseph—THE PARIS
St. Louis—STIX, BAER & FULLER
Webster Grove—FLORENCE DRESS SHOPS
NEW JERSEY
Asbury Park—STEINBACH CO.
Belmar—BELMAR'S FASHION CORNER
Moorestown—THE COUNTRY WAY
NEW YORK
Rochester—McCURDY & CO.
OKLAHOMA
Oklahoma City—ROTHSCHILD'S
Tulsa—VIRGINIA GARRISON SHOP
OREGON
Eugene—KAUFMAN BROS., INC.
PENNSYLVANIA
Chester—WEINBERG'S
Erie—ERIE DRY GOODS CO.
Philadelphia—LIT BROS.
RHODE ISLAND
East Providence—CHERRY & WEBB
SOUTH CAROLINA
Columbia—HALTIWANGER'S
TEXAS
Amarillo—COLBERT'S
Corpus Christi—LICHTENSTEIN'S
Dallas—COLBERT'S
El Paso—GLASS APPAREL
Lubbock—LENA STEPHENS, INC.
Waco—R. E. COX CO.-WESTVIEW
UTAH
Salt Lake City—CASTLETON'S
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Mt. Vernon—ANNE RICHARDS

Or write MANCINI, a division of Phil Altbaum, Inc., 719 So. Los Angeles St., Los Angeles, Calif. 90014.

IT'S WORLDLY. AND WOMANLY.
IT HAS TO BE CREPE.



MANCINI *brings back the understated look of chic. Unrelieved fabric from neck to knee, flaired into bell sleeves, then hugging the wrist. Only crepe falls into this kind of regal line. But it takes Avisco® acetate and rayon to give it body, depth of color and luxury drape. The effect is smashing.*

Bloomsburg Mills' "Crepe Cabareta" is a blend of 58% Avisco acetate/42% Avisco rayon. The bell sleeved dress comes in Black, Cigarillo, Red, Mystic Green. Sizes 8 to 16. About $44. Mancini, a Division of Phil Altbaum, Inc. Available at BLOOMINGDALE'S, New York, N.Y. CHAS. A. STEVENS & CO., Chicago, Ill. MAY CO., Los Angeles, Calif.

AVISCO FIBERS fmc
American Viscose Division

Hang your hat on Avisco fibers.



Is that tiny laugh line he loves…a wrinkle?



Satura…the sooner the better!

Now, complete Satura skin care to counteract dryness, tiny wrinkles…replenish moisture for a smoother, younger look. New Satura cleanser, new freshener plus Dorothy Gray's famous moisture cream protect as well as correct!

Dorothy Gray did it!

The Girdle for Pants.

We know. You put on a pair of pants—and you hate yourself. You just don't look smooth enough. So you try a girdle. But the seams show. Or a roll appears where the girdle stops.

Know what to do? Slip into something that works. The Girdle for Pants by Formfit Rogers.

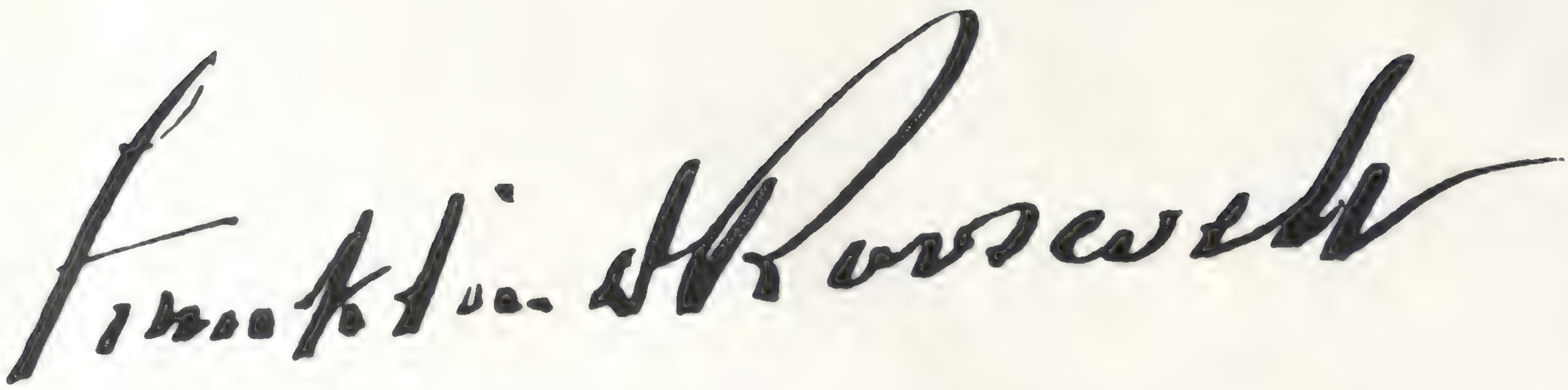
A group of extra-long girdles that shape the back, clip the front and taper the thighs. All with a light stretchy fabric that firms but doesn't bite. The look is smooth. The line is natural.



Ask for Number 840. From a complete collection of Girdles for Pants by Formfit Rogers.

Formfit Rogers

FORMFIT ROGERS 390 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK, N.Y. 10001



"If I were starting life over again, I am inclined to think that I would go into the advertising business in preference to almost any other. This is because advertising has come to cover the whole range of human needs and also because it combines real imagination with a deep study of human psychology. Because it brings to the greatest number of people actual knowledge concerning useful things, it is essentially a form of education...It has risen with ever-growing rapidity to the dignity of an art. It is constantly paving new paths...The general raising of the standards of modern civilization among all groups of people during the past half century would have been impossible without the spreading of the knowledge of higher standards by means of advertising."

Isn't it strange to find people in this country today who, in the name of everything Franklin D. Roosevelt stood for, criticize advertising and seek to restrict it? Well-meaning people who say that it is unfair competition for a big company to spend more on advertising than a small company. Ignoring the fact that it is advertising that helps small companies grow big . . . companies like Polaroid, Xerox, Sony and dozens more who have taken on the giants in the marketplace and won their niche.

These people think we should restrict the amount of advertising a company can do—just to be fair. But, of course, big companies spend more on research and development than little companies, too. And that's even more unfair because it helps develop new products the little companies don't have. So, perhaps, we should restrict research and development.

It's too bad somebody didn't think of this 40 years ago. Then we'd all still have iceboxes. And you wouldn't have to worry about getting all that frozen food home from the supermarket before it thaws. In your 1966 Model "T."

Magazine Publishers Association
An association of 365 leading U.S. magazines



This month, The Polly Bergen Company and some of America's finest stores will introduce a new strategy for coping with dry skin without time-consuming rigamarole. It's an all-over-the-body plan. Perhaps the simplest most effective you've ever tried. Total turtle. Oil of the Turtle. Today's simplified strategy for winning... (continued on next page).

The Skin Game

"I have this new strategy for coping with dry skin.
It's simple. Let me tell you about it:

"I'm sure most women with dry skin find The Skin Game is no fun! If you miss one day messing with moisturizers and creams your face crackles and crinkles worse than ever. But how much time can you take out of a busy day? How many bottles and jars can you cram into the bathroom drawer?

"One day I looked in my own mirror and thought of the time and trouble and money I'd spent, and figured there must be a simpler way. So I went into business.

"That's how Total Turtle came about. It is a lineup of basic requirements for coping with dry skin. All based on precious Oil of the Turtle, which was the first thing that ever worked for me. And every moisturizer, cleanser, freshener, bath treatment, and concentrate does more than one job—and does it in a hurry. Maybe Oil of the Turtle in these new forms can help make life simpler for you, too. Then your Skin Game will be fun again."

Polly Bergen
Oil of the Turtle



deep cleansing foam • freshener • moisturizer foam • cream moisturizer • night concentrate • scrub • deep sea bath treatment • deep sea soap

The Polly Bergen Company 9255 Sunset Boulevard Los Angeles, California 90069

©THE POLLY BERGEN COMPANY 1967





Your next party—great fun or big flop?

Here are the "how to," step-by-step suggestions that make each party "something special." Worry-saving guidance on advance planning, serving, seating, menus, recipes, wines and contemporary etiquette. Hints to enhance your reputation as a hostess.

In THE GLAMOUR MAGAZINE PARTY BOOK you can easily look up the kind of party you want to give and follow the plan from the beginning to the clean-up after the last guest has gone. You'll learn the little things that, when done well, add so much to the success of your party. Here are just a few—

- When to send invitations
- Correct written invitations
- Setting the dinner table
- The "seated" buffet supper
- The outdoor party at home
- Notes on children's parties
- Arranging a tea
- Planning a formal party
- Place cards
- A word about poise
- Wearing the right dress
- Part-time party helpers
- Presents and thank-you notes
- Bridal showers

If you want the satisfaction of creating a party with a flair—where congenial people will enjoy smooth planning, charming surroundings and delicious food—examine this large 302-page, idea-packed book free in your own home for 10 days. Glance through the tips. In fact, use some of them at your next party and see what a wonderful time you and your guests will have. At the end of 10 days, when you decide to keep this book, remit only $4.95 plus a few cents mailing charge. Otherwise return it and pay nothing.

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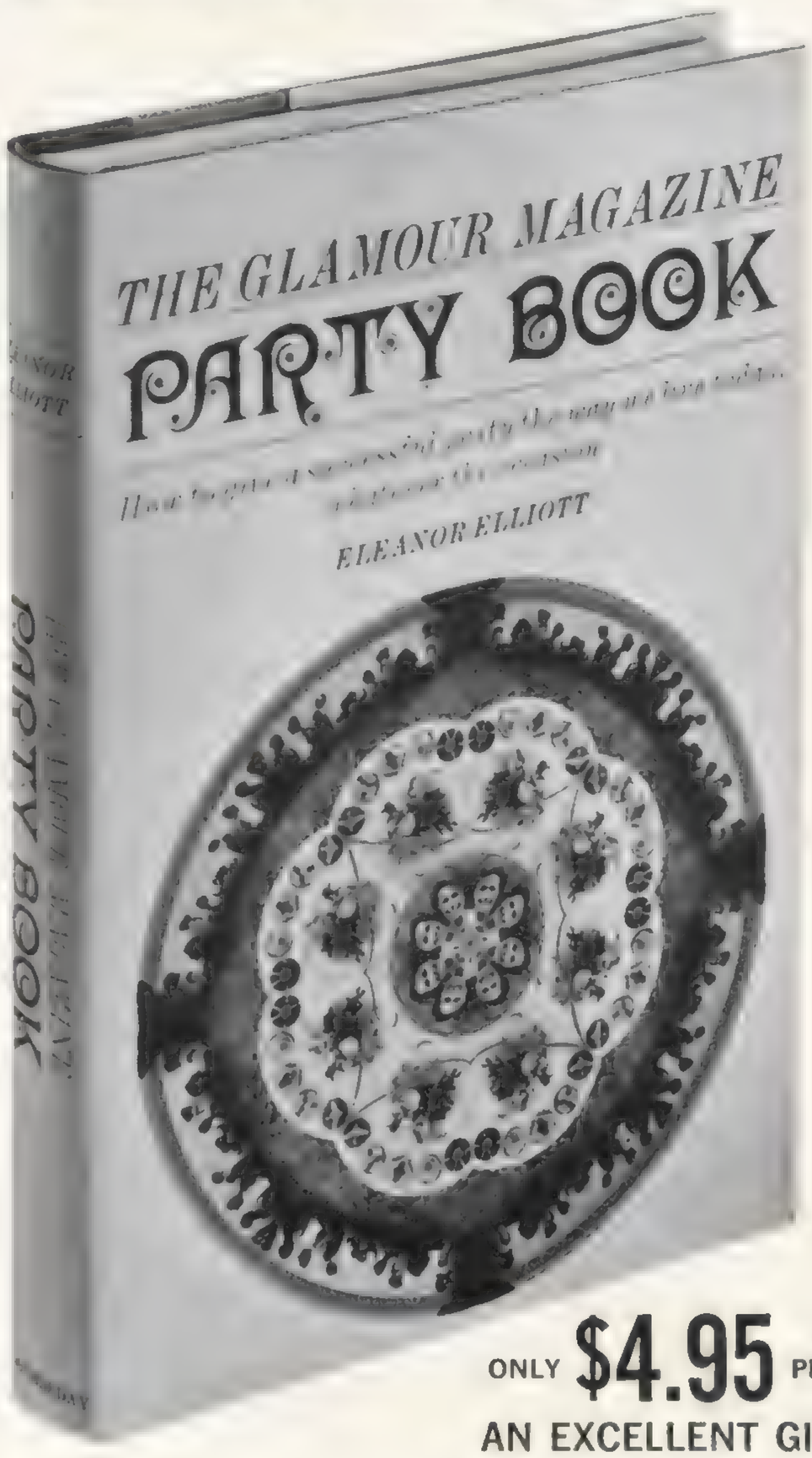
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Want the sure thing in the underworld? Bet on jantzen's 'Banco.'

Jantzen's not taking any chances here. Hearts, spades, clubs or diamonds, this Banco Group is a sure thing. It's the newest, chic-est line of underfashion to ever hit the gambling circuit. We've got a lucky seven piece group that's guaranteed to match the excitement of any Baccarat table in the casino.

Shown here is the matched bra and girdle that tells you prints are wilder than ever. This light-as-a-breeze bra of Crepeset® nylon makes the most of you. With a mere slip of a lining to give you an exceptionally good fit.

Why not go for the total look? We've got three different pants to choose from. A control brief, an elastic leg brief and a marvelous little bikini. Plus a petti slip and a chemise that are really smashing. Lingerie in soft, silky Crepeset nylon tricot. The go-with girdles and bra in nylon and Lycra® spandex. All in très gay colors that are designed and printed for us alone.

Panty girdle about $10., bra about $5.50.

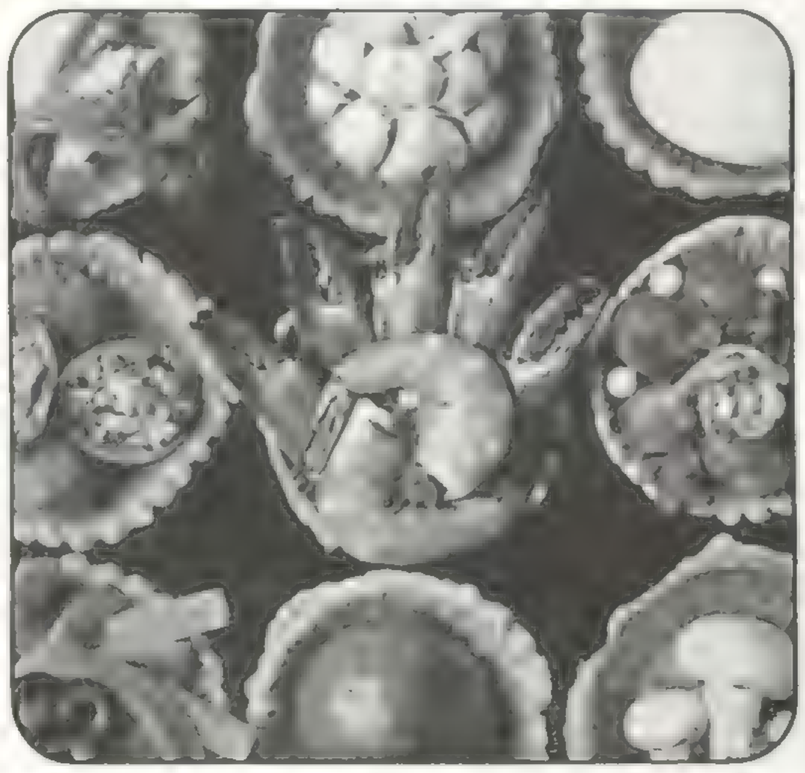
Who rules the underworld?

Jantzen Intimate Apparel,
261 Madison Avenue, New York 10016.

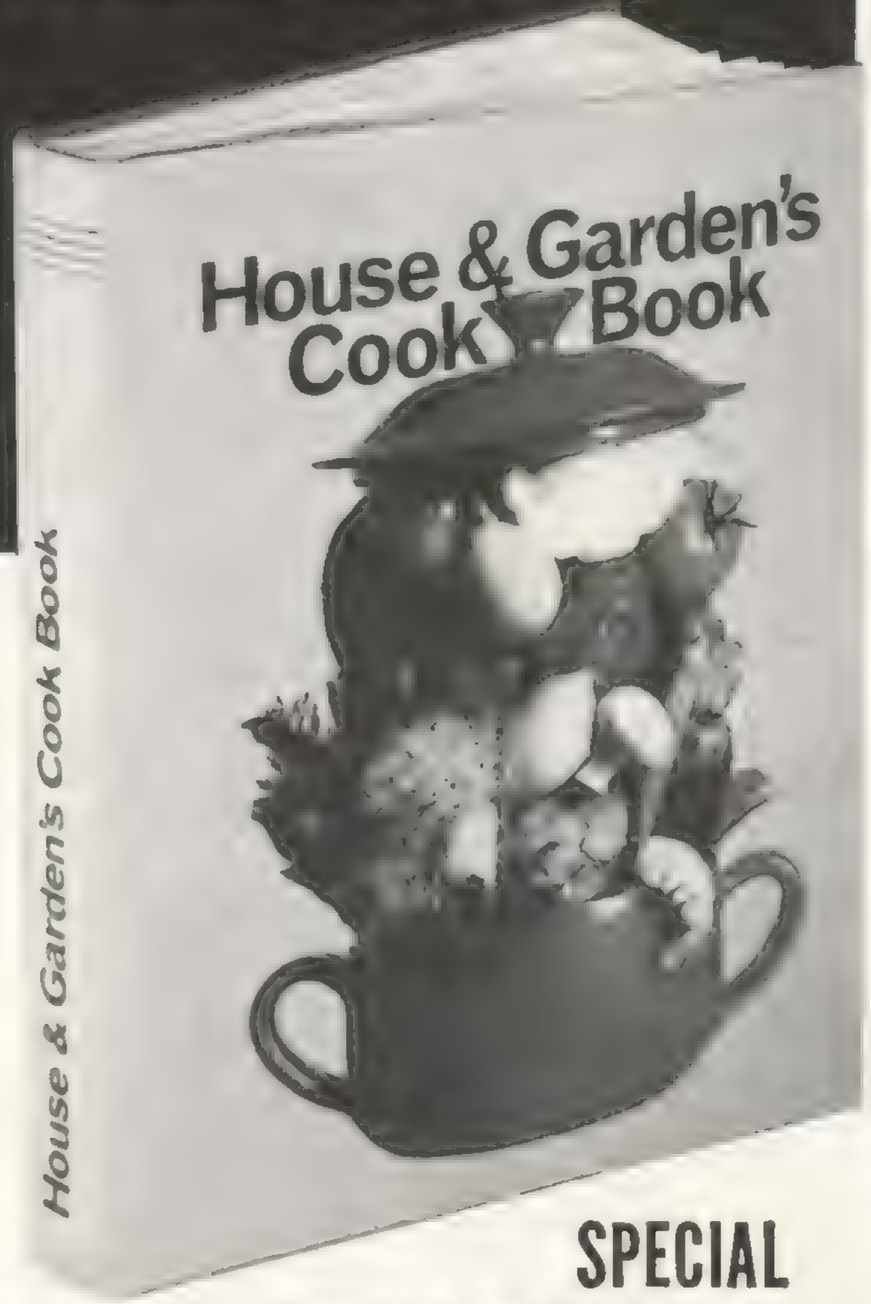








THIS IS NO ORDINARY, RUN-OF THE-MEAL COOK BOOK



To prove it, we'll send you a copy of

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Here is the cook book to end all cook books...and all routine dining for you, your family and your guests. Here is a creative approach that treats cooking as an art, not a chore.

OVER 1,000 RECIPES—BY THE WORLD'S TOP EXPERTS

The recipes are unique, original, and *they work*—with a minimum of fuss and bother. All have been selected by the editors of House & Garden or a famous guest contributor like James A. Beard, Dione Lucas, Julia Child, Elaine Ross, Nika Standon Hazelton, Craig Claiborne and others.

These famous chefs provide you with a wide range of recipes—for a wide range of occasions. Recipes are completely indexed—under hors d'oeuvre, soup, egg and cheese dishes, fish, meat, poultry, game, sauces, pasta and rice, vegetables, salads, desserts, cake, cookies and breads. You can find everything you are looking for quickly and easily.

A COMPLETE GUIDE TO MEAL PREPARATION

House & Garden's New Cook Book merely *starts* with recipes. It also contains what is virtually a course in preparing and cooking food. Techniques of the master chefs are explained—and simplified in *picture performances.* You will see exactly how these experts make thin cake layers for a torte, pipe cream puffs, lard a roast of meat, bone a trout, stuff vine leaves, flute a mushroom. When it comes to doing it yourself, it's a snap.

There are more detailed drawings and diagrams to illustrate cooking techniques in House & Garden's New Cook Book than you will find in any other gourmet cook book ever published.

There is also material covering the wine to select for a dish...evaluation of cooking equipment and utensils ...tips on baking, poaching, barbecuing and other forms of cooking...plus ideas for atmosphere, table settings and decorative surprises that will enliven every meal and party.

Good cook? This book can make your reputation as a great chef!

When House & Garden's New Cook Book arrives, try a few of these exciting recipes:

▪ Beef Wellington, Perigeuex Sauce ▪ Lobster Strudel with Béarnaise Sauce ▪ Rolled Chicken Pâté ▪ Miniature Shrimp Quiche ▪ Oysters Rockefeller à la Franey ▪ Baked Lobster Fire Island Style ▪ Roast Turkey Woburn Abbey ▪ Breadfruit Vichyssoise ▪ Crêpes Directoire ▪ Soufflé Orientale

This book can also make your reputation as a successful hostess!

Try, too:

▪ A Mexican taco party ▪ A plain turkey—dressed and decorated like a work of fine art ▪ An edible centerpiece for your next cocktail party ▪ A dessert course of melon fashioned into flowers ▪ A delightful take-home surprise for guests: dinner napkins with the main course recipe on them

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Let your hairdresser color-style your hair with ROUX*

Professional hair coloring costs you a little extra time and money. What do you get for it? *Rich, glowing color?* Of course. *A luxury feeling of being cared for?* Naturally. *Anything more?* If you've only known do-it-yourself hair color, visit your beauty salon next time—and watch your husband's eyes when he greets you that night!

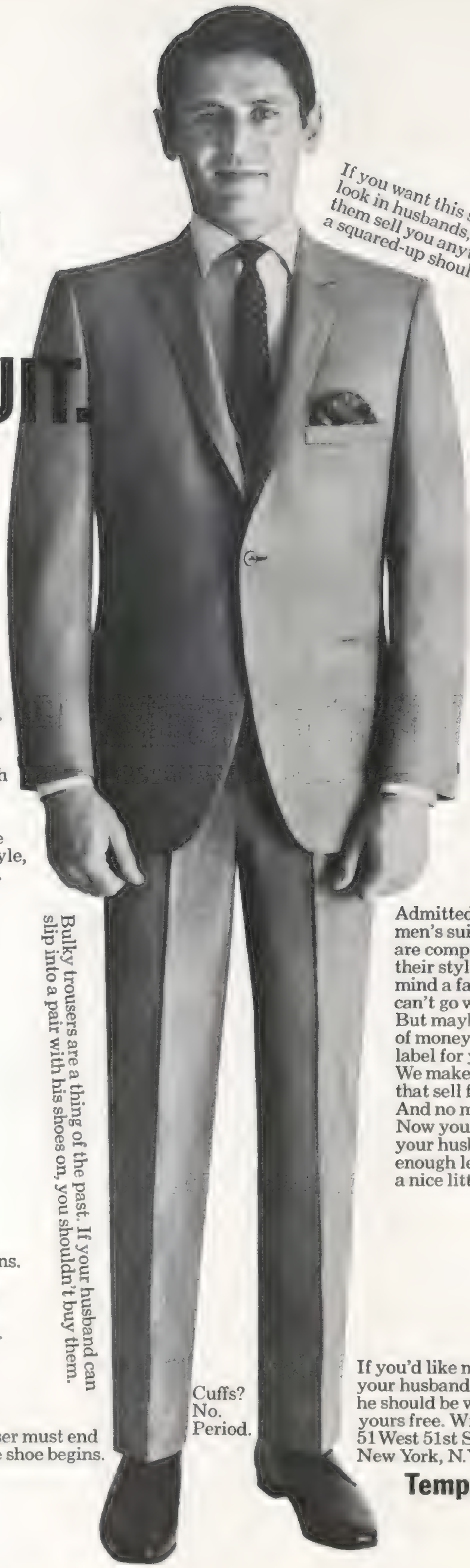


Professional Cosmetics for Lovelier Hair Color

FANCI-TONE* Creme Hair Tint for lasting color ■ NICE CHANGE* Hair Color Lotion for semi-permanent color ■ FANCI-FULL* Rinse for temporary color ■ Let your hairdresser advise the type, as well as the color, that best suits your needs.

*REG TRADE MARK

EXACTLY HOW TO BUY YOUR HUSBAND A SUIT.



If you want this season's look in husbands, don't let them sell you anything but a squared-up shoulder.

The big fat lapel is dead. What you want is a slim and styled one.

Last year's jacket was styled like a box. This year's jacket is contoured like a man.

One button is correct. So are two. But don't try for three.

As far as vents are concerned, make sure the suit you bring home has two. One on each side.

There should be an inside waist pocket to put cigarettes in, so that the inside breast pocket doesn't bulge.

The sleeve should be short enough to show plenty of cuff.

While the up-to-date jacket is longer in style, it's shorter in length.

Admittedly, there are several men's suit manufacturers who are completely current in their styling. And if you don't mind a fancy price tag, you can't go wrong with any of them. But maybe you're not made of money. Then there's only one label for you. Tempo.
We make contemporary suits that sell for as little as $80. And no more than $100.
Now you know how to buy your husband a suit. And have enough left over to pick up a nice little outfit for yourself.

Bulky trousers are a thing of the past. If your husband can slip into a pair with his shoes on, you shouldn't buy them.

This season the colors to buy are the "ish" colors. Grayish-blues. Copperish-browns. Blackish-greens. Just-about-anythingish-grays. And plaids, stripes and checks are bolder and more vivid than ever before.

Cuffs? No. Period.

The trouser must end where the shoe begins.

If you'd like more information about your husband's suits and what he should be wearing with them, it's yours free. Write Tempo, 51 West 51st Street, New York, N.Y. 10019.

Tempo® Suits

The Couth Vermouth



On the rocks or in a truly correct Martini, only Noilly Prat will do. Impeccably dry. Perfectly pale. No proper host dares stir without it. Noilly Prat French Extra Dry—the couth vermouth.

Don't Stir Without Noilly Prat

BROWNE-VINTNERS COMPANY, NEW YORK, N.Y., SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U.S.A.

ITALIAN SILK TWILL scarfs in intricate paisley designs glow with magnificent, non-traditional colorings. Our collection of large squares, smaller squares and oblongs from $5. to 14.



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Sally Gee

at

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VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

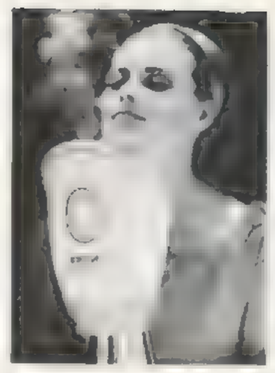
Don't just pack your toothbrush

Along with the rest of the world, we await with keen interest the development of that formula that's going to keep us in teeth much longer. It's based on chemicals that would eliminate plaque, that who-needs-it matter that films around teeth and drives them crazy, often to the point of extraction or at least to the point of departure. . . . Meanwhile, we—and thousands of dentists it seems, too—are counting on Water Pik, that healthy little device that jet-spurts water between and around the teeth, to continue its contribution to the abolition of periodontitis, the tooth-loss-accused that the new formula means to prosecute as soon as it's perfected. We mentioned here a while ago that the bathroom of one of theatredom's established young beauties was decorated with a Water Pik. Since then we've learned that any number of actors and actresses consider it de rigueur equipment. So do lots of elder and young statesmen, a past president of the U.S., and princesses and princes of the realm (one prince is married to a queen). An elegant new version of Water Pik called the "400", mechanically identical to the original, is especially travel-minded. In case the luminaries don't get the message that W.P. should go where they go, there's even tucked into the box: a waterproof drawstring travel pouch. . . .

Good timing

"For December," said one. "For those romantic summer evenings," said another. "It belongs to me, any time," insisted another, possessively. The speakers are college seniors, entrants in Vogue's Prix de Paris contest, and what they seem to be in slight disagreement about is the timing of a fragrance many tapped with their preference wand—Nina Ricci's L'Air du Temps. What they should be in complete agreement about is the timeliness of the arrival of L'Air du Temps in still another form: a sparkling foam bath preparation, squeezed from a flacon under a running tap to create lapis-lazuli blue tumbles of foam. The girl who wrote, "Everywhere I go, I go in a cloud of Nina Ricci's L'Air du Temps," should be transported by this cloud of bubbles. And the one who said, "I breathe L'Air du Temps just to relax"—imagine how she'll feel in a tubful? . . . If Capricci is your flavour, Nina Ricci has packed Sparkling Foam Bath in that, too.

(More Ready Beauty, page 144.)



Loveliness is a Saunda® Home Facial

Visit, phone or write any of the following fine stores to buy Saunda:

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ATLANTA, GA.	Regenstein's Rich's
BALTIMORE, MD.	The Hecht Co. Stewart & Co.
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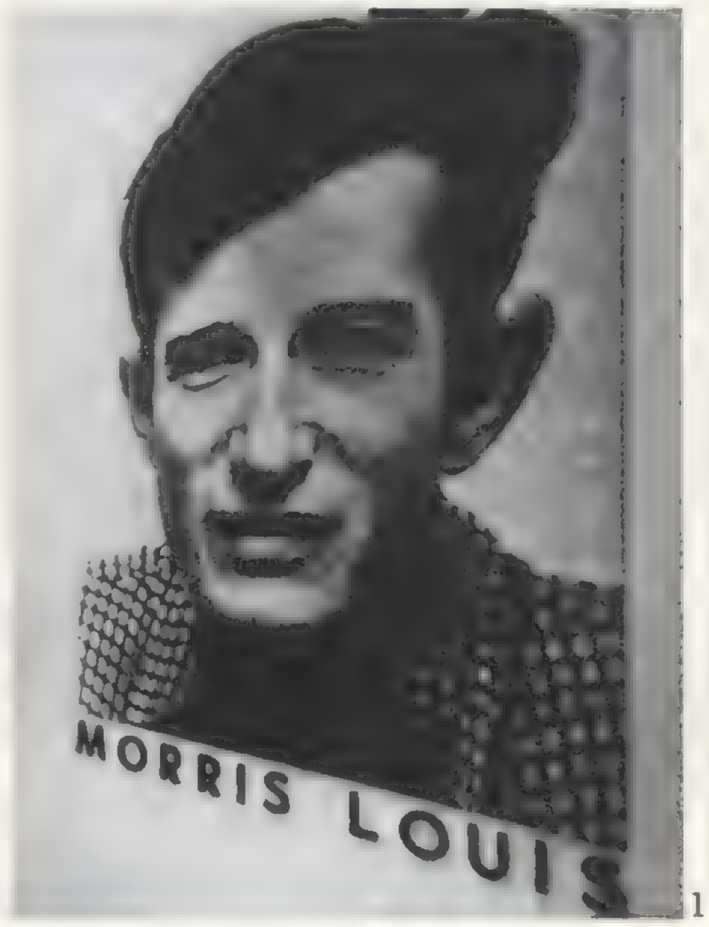


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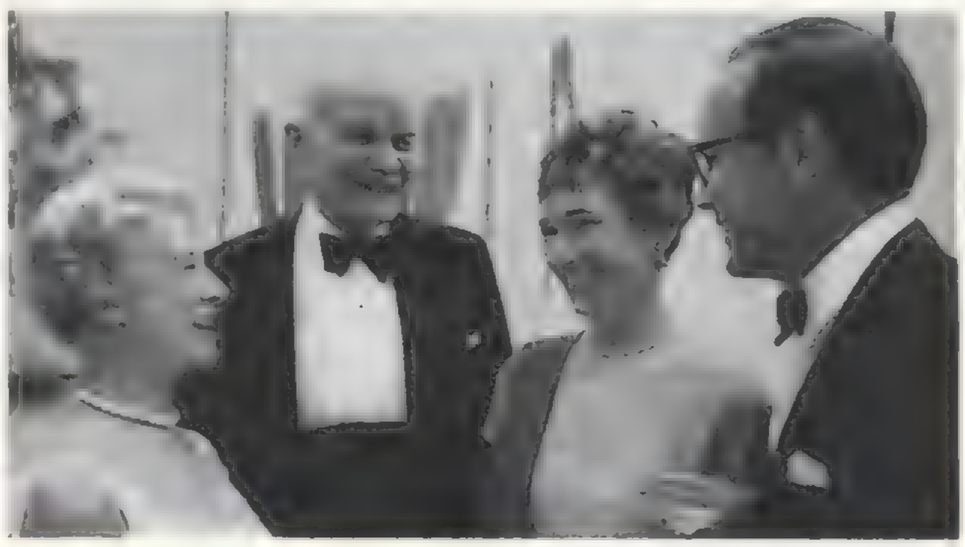
Highlander

VOGUE'S

A bright blast-off for the Morris Louis exhibition in Seattle



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For their first show in the Seattle Art Museum Pavilion, the Contemporary Art Council chose the giant acrylic-stained paintings by the late Morris Louis. To celebrate this assemblage of works from his series called "Veils and Unfurleds," the Council invited artists, collectors, its members, and their friends for champagne, Dungeness crab, dancing, and a private look at the Louis paintings.

Among tall vases filled with flowers and spiring branches of corkscrew willow guests wandered against a background of these can-

NOTEBOOK



5

vases, their sometimes rainbow, sometimes murky configurations of colour floating against the white white of the pavilion's walls. As the evening progressed a combo swung into a little boogaloo-rock. Seattle-style. An evening of the best.

1. Poster of Morris Louis. 2. Mrs. Richard E. Fuller, Dr. Richard E. Fuller. President and Director of the Seattle Art Museum, Mr. and Mrs. Bagley Wright. 3. Mrs. John A. McCone, Mr. T. Evans Wyckoff. 4. Mr. Robert Rauschenberg. 5. Mrs. Peter Garrett, Mrs. Richard E. Fuller. 6. Mr. Robert Rowan, President of the Pasadena Art Museum, and Mr. André Emmerich, New York. 7. Mrs. Samuel C. Gordon, who represented the Louis family. 8. Mr. William Jenkins, Mr. Robert Morris Arnold, Mrs. Robert Rowan.



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VOGUE'S

A princely wedding in São Paulo, Brazil



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Nobles, diplomats, and dignitaries winged into São Paulo for the wedding of Ana Maria Moraes Barros, daughter of Senhor and Senhora Luiz de Moraes Barros, and H.I.R.H. Príncipe Eudes de Orleans e Bragança, son of H.I.R.H. Príncipe Pedro Henrique de Orleans e Bragança, heir presumptive to the throne of Brazil, and Princesa Maria de Baviera de Orleans e Bragança. Attended by the young twin sisters of the groom, the bride wore, with her tulle-over-organdie dress, a Lanvin coif starred with silvery orange blossoms.

After a garden reception and supper, the bride and groom left for the island of Guanja. The

NOTEBOOK



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marvellous flowers, including white camellias, decorating São Paulo's Sanctuary of Our Lady of Fatima for the marriage ceremony, were flown, en masse, to the shrine of Fatima in Portugal. 1. The bride and groom. 2. Miss Georgiana Russell, Lady Russell, Sir John Russell, British Ambassador to Brazil, and Senhora Severo Gomes. 3. The marriage ceremony. 4. T.I.R.H. Príncipes Pedro Henrique de Orleans e Bragança, Maria da Baviera de Orleans e Bragança, parents of the groom. 5. T.I.R.H. Princesa Isabel, Princesa Maria Teresa, and Princesa Maria Gabriela de Orleans e Bragança. 6. Senhora Maria do Carmo Moraes Barros, mother of the bride, and Ambassador Moraes Barros. 7. Senhor and Senhora Matarazzo Leme de Fonseca. Senhora Niso Vianna. 8. Governor Roberto de Abreu Sodré of São Paulo, Senhora Maria Mellão de Abreu Sodré, and Senhor Roberto Campos. 9. The bride and groom leaving for their wedding trip.



9



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VOGUE'S

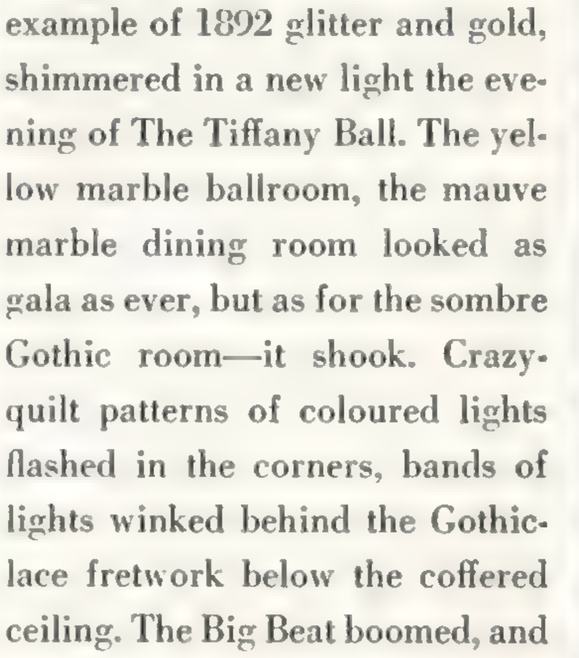
The shook-up splendour of The Tiffany Ball in Newport



1

Marble House, Newport's queen example of 1892 glitter and gold, shimmered in a new light the evening of The Tiffany Ball. The yellow marble ballroom, the mauve marble dining room looked as gala as ever, but as for the sombre Gothic room—it shook. Crazy-quilt patterns of coloured lights flashed in the corners, bands of lights winked behind the Gothic-lace fretwork below the coffered ceiling. The Big Beat boomed, and the young rocked with it.

Newporters threw themselves into this party for the Preservation Society of Newport County out of admiration and affection for the committee which works with zip and ingenuity to save and



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NOTEBOOK



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restore Newport's historical buildings. The best gardens in Newport gave up hundreds of flowers (and the best gardeners) to decorate supper tables and to shape lighted flower-bursts hung from the vast yellow-and-white marquee stretched over the terrace. The night fogs rolled in, and, for fun and money, Marble House gleamed.

1. Receiving line in Marble House. 2. Mr. John S. Palmer with Mrs. Nathaniel P. Hill, chairman of The Tiffany Ball, announcing door prizes. 3. Mrs. Bradford H. Walker, Miss Pamela Braga. 4. Senator Charles H. Percy. 5. Mrs. Claiborne Pell with Mr. and Mrs. John Orr. 6. Mrs. Charles T. Matheson, Mrs. David U. Warren, and Mr. Walter Gubelmann. 7. Mrs. Archbold van Beuren selling chances to guests. 8. Mr. and Mrs. Hugh D. Auchincloss. 9. Mr. Jock Sturrock, skipper of "Dame Pattie," Australian contender for the America's Cup, with Mrs. Sturrock.



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*slightly higher West and South

VOGUE'S

The whirlaway wedding of Mary Cushing and Peter Beard in Newport



1

Ancestral Africa quickened Now Newport in the whirlwind of pleasures that marked the wedding of Mary Olivia Cochrane Cushing and Peter Hill Beard. At their pre-wedding party, fireworks and torchlight flared Bailey's Beach and guests watched Liberian dancers in dances of the Congo, the Watusi, and the Fanga. Paradoxical, but apropos. The bride, Minnie Cushing, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Gardiner Cushing, and the groom met in Kenya.

Ceremonial drums gave way to New England ceremony the next afternoon. For the wedding four hundred friends filled Trinity Church, massed with white flowers and white candles. At the reception, a Duchin band played in a green-and-white tent pitched on the lawns of "The Ledges," the Cushing family place, where out of the blue a bubble-top helicopter whirled ashore. The bride and groom flew off—on their way to



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NOTEBOOK



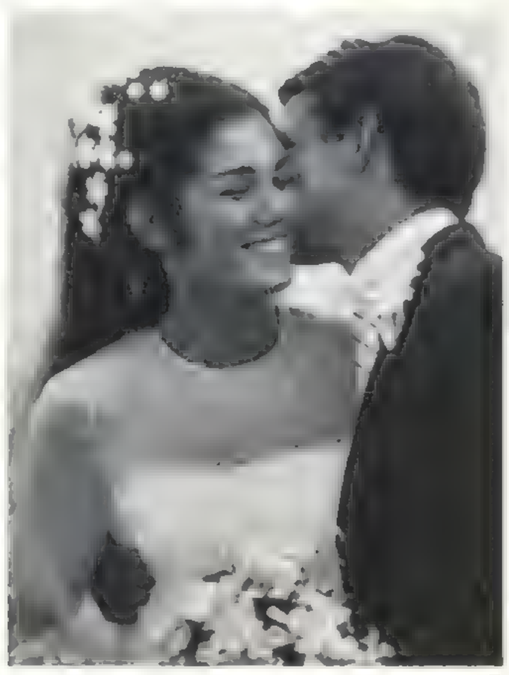
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the Bahamas, to Europe, and eventually to Nairobi where they will live.

1. The wedding party at "The Ledges." 2. Mrs. Winston F. C. Guest and her daughter, Cornelia, opening presents with Miss Minnie Cushing the day before the wedding. 3. Miss Cushing and Mr. Beard arriving with sparklers at the dinner-dance given for them before the wedding. 4. African drummers and a dancer performing at Bailey's Beach. 5. The bride and groom at Trinity Church. 6. Miss Topsy Taylor, a bridesmaid. with Ames and Nina Cushing, flower girls and nieces of the bride. (The dresses of the bride and her attendants were designed by Oscar de La Renta.) 7. The bride and groom after the ceremony. 8. Mr. and Mrs. Beard's departure by helicopter, with Mr. Beard recording it on film.





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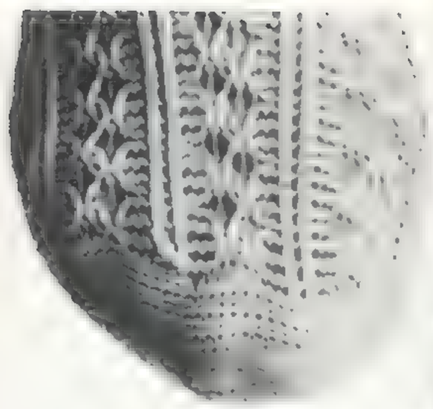


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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK:

MOVIES

By JUDITH CRIST

The Tiger Makes Out, "*absurdity diverted*"

The Tiger Makes Out, the Murray Schisgal-Arthur Hiller screen version of Schisgal's one-act play *The Tiger*, raises a question best broached, perhaps, as a matter of lapidary logistics. How do you handle a flawless gem in order to show off its perfections in a larger and more lasting setting? The question is one for the jeweller, of course, but even we non-Harry Winstons know that the answer is not to smash the jewel into any number of glittery fragments or cut and quarter it and surround it with lesser gems.

Both methods, alas, have been employed by playwright and director in transferring Mr. Schisgal's exquisite thirty-minute two-character playlet into a ninety-four-minute two-star, four-co-star, eight-guest-star film. Pieces of the play are there intact, shards are scattered throughout, and small glittery screen creations have been added. The result? Any number of flawless bits —but gone is the perfection of the original entity.

We ought, of course, to be grateful for small savours, considering the vulgar and total devastation of Murray Schisgal's *Luv* in its transition from stage to screen in lesser hands. By serving as his own screenwriter, retaining the brilliant talents of Eli Wallach and Anne Jackson, and adding those of several others, Schisgal has done relatively well by us. But he has not enhanced, let alone tripled, either our pleasures or his own purpose by the cinematic inflation of his original work.

Murray Schisgal is, of course, the laughing troubadour of the absurdity of our theatrical absurdity; his satiric target is the total cliché of contemporary cant. *The Tiger* was in effect a preliminary exercise for the cogencies of *Luv*, limited to the ironic frustration of the pismire-turned-predator, ready to rape and ravish in revolt against the birdbrains and establishmentarians, who is gently tamed into taking a suburban mistress and French lessons.

Inflated into a mad. mad screen comedy, Schisgal's basic thesis is too often reduced to the realities of city streets and offices and suburban houses and crab-grassed environs, inhabited by madmen and comic characters it is true, but a prosaic reality that too often deflects the ridiculous into repetitious nonsense. Its course to absurdity is further diverted on occasion by Arthur Hiller's direction, by set-up slapstick and telegraphed sight gags, camera tricks that lag behind the intellectual pace, and obvious situation-comedy routines. Ultimately the underlining, the emphatic repetitions, and the undisciplined approach make it apparent that fragile absurdity does not survive inflation by camera or even creator; the frenzy subsides in an out-of-context conclusion and the tiger returns to the womb.

Surrounded by an obviously hand-picked Broadway-bred cast, Eli Wallach and Anne Jackson are still perfection in their original rôles of the meek and frustrated postman-turned-tiger and the suburban housewife who tames him on her own terms. Outstanding among the added cinematic starters are Bob Dishy, as the suburban husband who yearns for ironed handkerchiefs; Ruth White and Roland Wood, as a chicken-plucking landlady and her husband; Bibi Osterwald, as the lady aware of the amenities even when she's trapped in her nightie with her leg through the ceiling. But despite the quality of actors and script, the gems are scattered, the design diffuse, the original brilliance sporadic. The result is an attractive and bemusing piece of costume jewellery—but not comparable to the real thing.

VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK:

BOOKS

By ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.

The Confessions of Nat Turner, "*finest American novel in years*"

In his latest novel, his first for seven years, William Styron has addressed himself to the oldest and newest of American tragedies: the relation between white and coloured—that accursed relation which began so long ago, when the white man killed his first Indian and bought his first Negro. He has taken a specific historical episode—the bloody slave insurrection led by Nat Turner in Virginia in 1831—as his pretext. Without departing from the external realities of character and setting, he has perceived this episode with a clarity and penetration, at once loving and terrible, which gives it a timeless and even mythic quality. *The Confessions of Nat Turner* (Random House) is also a novel about Newark and Detroit, about the Congo and Viet Nam, about any day and any place where human despair breaks out in insensate violence.

The original confessions of Nat Turner were transcribed by a white Virginia lawyer while Turner was awaiting trial after the collapse of his uprising. What William Styron has done, with a superb and responsible exercise of the artistic imagination, is to enlarge and deepen the sketchy confessions of 1831, to fill in omissions and silences, above all, to explain why Nat Turner, a deeply religious man, able to read and write, owned by Joseph Travis, "who was to me a kind master and placed the greatest confidence in me," should have organized a conspiracy which began with the hatchet murder of Travis as he lay asleep in bed and did not end till fifty-five whites, including women and small children, had been brutally slaughtered.

The theme, in short, is the rôle of violence in history and the human heart. William Styron's literary insight reaches conclusions which parallel part of the argument in the desperate work by Frantz Fanon, the Negro psychiatrist from Martinique, *The Wretched of the Earth*. "The violence which has ruled over the ordering of the colonial world," Fanon wrote: ". . . will be claimed and taken over by the native when, deciding to embody history in his own person, he surges into the forbidden quarters. . . . At the level of individuals, violence is a cleansing force. It frees the native from his inferiority complex and from his despair and inaction; it makes him fearless and restores his self-respect."

So Nat Turner, who embodied history in his own person through the illusion of divine visions and voices (like Joseph Smith, William Miller, and other white contemporaries), was instructed to "arise and prepare myself, and slay my enemies with their own weapons" and thus turn back on his masters the violence they had so long used against his race. In so doing, despite the atrocity of the crimes, he achieved dignity and an inner freedom "and upon his arraignment pleaded *not guilty;* saying to his counsel that he did not feel so."

Where Fanon sees violence as a deliverance, Styron sees it more wisely as an inexorable tragedy, carrying down white and black alike. The lucidity of his understanding transcends guilt. The characters of both races are drawn not just with vividness and solidity but with an extraordinary perception of the subtle human admixture of strength and compassion, hate, and self-hatred. And his writing has never been more disciplined, melodious, and beautiful. He attempts the audacity of telling the story through Nat Turner's lips, and (despite occasional words improbable on any one's lips, like "analphabetic") the experiment is brilliantly successful. In my judgment, *The Confessions of Nat Turner* is the finest American novel in many years.



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VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

Your skin and your I.Q.

It's easy. Anybody can look older faster. Give it a whirl. Refuse to be interested in anything, especially such frivolities as your skin. Scoff at people who spend time on facekeeping. After all, you're pretty presentable now, and that's what Mother Nature has planned for you forever, isn't it? . . . Or go along with the mind men who hold that preservation of beauty from an early age is a mark of intelligence, of good mental health. . . . If you choose to do latter, you'll be pleased with the latest Irma Shorell news: Moisture/35, a pale apricot cream that proposes not only daylong protective moisturizing for face, throat, neck—but "firming action" the while. Happily for the total picture, Moisture/35 will be introduced simultaneously as part of a sleek black like-patent-leather cosmetic case containing Contour/35, already renowned as a night emollient-firmer, and two purse portions of her Formula for Cleansing—one to keep at home and one to carry for giving brio to noon and five o'clock ennui. Seven minutes is what Irma Shorell figures the whole routine will take for a twenty-four-hour ambience of moisturizing, protection, firming—for skin with a high I. Q. . . . At Saks Fifth Avenue.

The understated eye view

"I do not use eye makeup." So she said, but her lids, her lashes, her brows glisten like rain caught unaware in the sun. What *does* she use? Curiously enough, an oil whose makers had in mind something quite different. The Studio Girl people (they're the ones who take the trouble to come to your house, especially if you phone them) planned their Eye and Throat Oil as a preventive, protective measure against linage. Why does our non-makeup wearer wear it as an alternative to shadow—or, for that matter, to another oil? "Its consistency," she explained. "It has enough body of its own to keep its place on the skin, to provide a moisturized gleam that is visible, and effective, for hours. Furthermore, the gloss is without colour, which I can't take, or fragrance, to which I'm allergic, and, of course, it protects." Does she mean that it has enough viscosity to cope with a day's velocity? That seems to be part of her understatement.

she
makes it come alive

...enjoys the well-bred feeling that comes with an easy fitting elegant fashion. Richard Frontman does it in sheer wool, about $45. Peacock blue, flamingo pink, parrot green and black. At America's prestige stores, or write

Richard Frontman
498 Seventh Avenue, New York, 10018



SHE could easily be you



Trifari's toast to fashion!

Exquisite jewel-toned enamels in sophisticated designs that go from little luncheons through big evenings. Bracelets $12.50 to $25. Earrings $5 to $15.

Jewels by TRIFARI®

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Luggage for the fashion individualist

She chooses the luggage that travels with dash—and packability.
Roomy, beautiful interiors, pliable sides, a lightweight magnesium frame that weathers the dashingest journeys, and exclusive hidden locks.
Luggage this versatile could only be...

Samsonite Fashionaire®

The adventurous luggage that dares to be different

Available in Espresso Tweed, Aspen Green, Mocha Brown, Onyx Black and Emerald Blue Snakeprint. Lightweight Hard Trainmaster $45.00, 24" Fashion Wardrobe $55.00, 26" Pullman $49.00, 24" Pullman $45.00, 21" Weekender $37.00, Beauty Case $30.00.
Men's colors also available: Onyx Black and Spanish Olive. At authorized department and specialty stores. Samsonite Corporation, Denver, Colorado. A division of Samsonite Furniture.

All CANNON® towels will stay lastingly free from puckering.



Come close...touch the luxury of Cannon



Fashions from the Four Winds. Fantastic, night-blooming flowers, songs of rarest birds, secrets of age-old lands—glamour, mystery, romance—all captured in one towel, Persia. A beautiful design inspired by the Far East and carved in Cannon's rich, deep sheared all-cotton terry. In blazing red, blue, and ginger. About $6. At fine department stores. Cannon Mills, Inc., N.Y. 10020

CANNON *Royal Family of Home Fashions*

By now you've been in and out of that station wagon 20 times, told a vacuum salesman "no," spoken to your in-laws—and had a call from the school nurse. You've made the beds, damp-mopped the kitchen and dusted. The kids have come home from school, and dinner is thawing.
By now you feel as if you've been living for other people all day—and you have.
But somehow now you've got an hour to yourself. One hour until it starts all over again.



Isn't it time for a Mary Sherman?



A Mary Sherman® Bubbling Bath Oil Bath. Mary Sherman soothes. Mary Sherman softens your skin. And Mary Sherman perfumes.

A Mary Sherman beats a plain bath because it contains special cleansers that get you really clean. A Mary Sherman beats ordinary bubble baths because it is specially formulated to permeate the water and to help soften every inch of your skin. And it beats plain soap because it contains an ingredient that softens the water so you hardly ever have to clean the tub after your bath.

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Even on Sunday

No Monday-to-Saturday-hide-it-on-Sunday everyday dish for you. No sir. Texas-Ware makes proud melamine. Fashion hip, color-happy, handsome enough for the family silver and in-laws. And Texas-Ware is dishwasher-proof, guaranteed two years against breaking, cracking, chipping and permanent staining, the only dinnerware with exclusive SR-40® stain-resistant melamine cups and decorated pieces. Look for Texas-Ware at good stores. Or write: Texas-Ware, 2700 South Westmoreland, Dallas, Texas 75224. Pattern shown: Buttercup. 45-piece service for 8, $29.95.

TEXAS·WARE



Fond of things Italiano? Try a sip of Galliano.

The model: Nora Aponte. The creation: fresh, new fashion from Rome, designed by her mother, Laura Aponte: lemon knit handsewn with iridescent sequins. The setting: the Appian Way. And the bottle: Galliano. Authentically Italian. The legendary liqueur "distilled from the rays of the sun." Galliano, the fine Italian liqueur that has conquered America.



80 PROOF LIQUEUR, IMPORTED BY McKESSON & ROBBINS, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y. ©McK & R, 1967

MEN IN VOGUE

...NOTES, QUOTES, AND VOTES



"The only out-of-date thing about jets today is the men who fly in them."







JACK ROBINSON



New York: Valerian Rybar, an interior designer with offices in New York and Paris, clients and jobs from Düsseldorf to New Orleans, flies constantly . . . and says "It's ridiculous to see passengers struggling out of their suit jackets, unlacing their shoes, loosening ties, and then putting it all back together to get off the plane rumpled and uncomfortable." . . . So, he worked out his own plan for a perfect in-flight gear—a basic outfit that looks well on the ground, too . . . the components: above left, in winter, hunter green glacé calf jacket from Dior men's boutique in Paris; butterscotch cashmere turtleneck: butterscotch corduroy trousers checked in green; black boots. Variation, top right, slick espresso leather jacket; fawn twill trousers, matching cotton turtleneck, and below centre, mocha suède buckled slip-on shoes from Battaglia. Above right, for winter resorts: indigo shirt, white linen trousers, navy-and-white Mexican belt, zebra slip-on shoes by Gatto of Rome. To complete this: a white pigskin battle jacket. The constant with all of these: superb Gucci luggage in sable-brown pigskin, monogrammed in silver. There are unfitted suitcases into which go matched separate cases for day and evening accessories, toilet articles, and other small essentials. These were all made to Mr. Rybar's specifications after he inventoried exactly what he intended each case to hold. His "essential" bag has been incorporated into Gucci's regular line in their Fifth Avenue shop. This is a large shoulder bag to hold papers, books, toilet kit; a zippered outside compartment holds tickets, passport, and other papers instantly available.

Make-a-Tint foundation makes the dazzling difference.

If you really want to face it, nothing changes you so much, so fast as a creamy, magnolia-petal dream of a complexion, with all boo boos hidden, all shadows blotted out. Nothing but silken perfection as fair as the eye can see. And twice as natural.

Make-a-Tint comes in nine skin-loving shades. The formula is so spectacular and the coverage so flawless that any one of these tender tints can turn any skin more beautiful.

On your mark . . . get set . . . glow!

SCANDIA



We'll give you just thirty seconds to turn beautiful



OCTOBER 1, 1967
VOGUE'S
EYE VIEW



ZIP...
INTO FASHION... INTO BEAUTY

Like that. No hesitation. No betwixt and between....There's never been a moment so gloriously studded with opportunity....A moment when every woman in the world can enjoy the luxury of an exuberant, toned body...the freedom of clothes that persuade her to move like a Margot Fonteyn...the excitement of dozens of delicious paints and artifacts to ornament her face...and the outright fun of knowing that it's all up to her. She decides....New ideas, opportunities, and the faces of some great modern beauties follow here....

Above: One way to zip into fashion now—Chanel's smashing belt in which the gilt chain gets hooked on the big zipper. Wear it as it was shown in Paris, in the nice and easy Coco manner, just below the waist.

PENN



BERT STERN



THE FACE OF THE HOUR:

THE STRONG FACE

"Ojo," writes Picasso all over the walls of his studios. *Ojo:* Look, don't forget, remember, watch out. Jacqueline's nose, even more than her wild eyes, strikes us in Picasso's paintings of his wife. A bravura nose, an important nose. Ojo....Suddenly the face of the hour is the strong face. Suddenly you see it everywhere. Suddenly the face that fails to raise you to a point of heightened observation goes for nothing. Look at the strong face and you see an acknowledgement of life. Look the strong face straight in the face—uncannily you see its profile. (Ojo indeed.)...The face of the hour is more face; has noble volume, exciting pattern. Glowing and changing under the bared broad span of its forehead is a constellation of features reclaimed at last. Eyes and mouth are ample, sensitive, satisfying. The expression hasn't a borrowed look about it; it's a giving expression—its pleasure is real. The neck that presents the face is straighter. Every tributary is stronger—there are stronger bones in arms and legs. Stronger spirit. Stronger health...."For years, the kitten face and the piglet were a godsend to the cameraman," Cecil Beaton wrote. "They presented no problem of casting an unseemly shadow; took the light under all and sundry conditions....Now life has begun to dictate to the photographer."...And being dictated, uncontestably, is a meaningful nose. "The relationship of a narrow bridge to baroque nostril fascinates us in Sophia Loren. Without her slightly hooked nose Princess Alexandra would be prettier in photographs but not nearly as beautiful in life. With a small retroussé nose, Audrey Hepburn would be too sweet."...Among the well-nosed women of our time are Mrs. David Bruce, Mary McCarthy, the Vicomtesse de Ribes, the Hyderabad Princess of Berar, a beautiful Turkish lady with the profile of her ancester, Suleiman the Magnificent....Can a woman think herself into a strong face? It's a matter of recognition. The strong face, given a chance to grow, never grows less. (On the next four pages: young faces with the promise of strength.) ... Anouk Aimée has every strength by which the face of the hour is known. So—see left, ojo—has the fortunate

LEE
BOUVIER
RADZIWILL


DAVID BAILEY



BARONNE PHILIPPE DE CABROL

Far left: Her face has, besides beauty, a sort of generosity in concept—unusual width between the eyes, which are green; a clear breadth of brow; a ravishingly wide smile. All, framed in sweeps of light-chestnut hair.... The young Cabrols, who were married in May, have a charming apartment in the rue Barbet de Jouy, and spend country weekends sailing, riding, or hunting.

ARABELLA CHURCHILL

Left: She will be eighteen this month, is the granddaughter of the late Sir Winston, the daughter of Mr. Randolph Churchill. Besides beauty, her face has the strong, clear family outline—the look of intelligence, candour, and dash. . . . On October eighteenth, Miss Churchill and her half-brother, Winston, will be the guests of honour at a dinner in New York given by the publishing industry as a salute to Sir Winston Churchill. Its purpose: to raise funds to complete the library, museum, and gallery in the Church of St. Mary Aldermanbury. This 17th-century Wren church, shattered by bombs in London in World War II, has been re-erected, in tribute to Sir Winston, on the campus of Westminster College in Fulton, Missouri—where, in 1947, he delivered the "Iron Curtain" speech.


PENATI



CONTESSA
GIULIANA
OLCESE

Far left: With upcurved eyes and mouth, a long, finely-modelled nose, her face has the charm, the amused look often seen in Renaissance portraits of ladies; her eyes are green, her hair brown, both with glints of gold. The Contessa's time and interest are divided equally between a large, deliberately bare house in Milan, with a notable modern art collection, and an early-Renaissance villa—I Vescovi—near Padua, which she is carefully, knowledgeably restoring.

DIANE
DE WALDNER

Left: At nineteen, Mlle. de Waldner is a beauty with magnificent dark eyes set in a perfectly oval face, a rosy-apricot skin that looks sun-warmed all year around. The youngest of three pretty brunette daughters of the Baron and Baronne Geoffroy de Waldner, she studies at the École du Louvre, and leads a gay Paris life with many young friends; she also adores riding and the country life at La Grange Mortefontaine, the family place northeast of Paris. There, her father has a famous racing stable; her mother, a famous garden.

FELLINI talks about the face of ANOUK AIMÉE

There is no one today who has such a charismatic face—a face so endowed with charisma, the gift of grace, that it can elicit any emotion it cares to. It is a superb face, *un gran viso*, a face the cinema has yet to discover. You sense Anouk is able to embody the feminine psyche at a thousand different levels. . . .

Face is always the first clue one has to understanding of a person. My profession concerns images. A director has to entrust to a face everything he wants to say. Faces are like landscapes. If one wants to describe a railway station, one goes to a station and uses trains. Right? Likewise in a film if one wants to express certain feelings, one has to use faces. Even the face of the least important bit player has to be chosen with infinite care. It's like a writer choosing one adjective over another. . . .

Curiously, I first admired Anouk for the beautiful dress she was modelling in a magazine. I wanted the dress for a movie, and I pinned the clipping on my studio wall. One day I noticed the face that capped it, a most interesting face. I asked an assistant to find out who the girl was. When I learned that the mannequin was the French actress, Anouk Aimée, I went to Paris to find her. At first she seemed exactly the character she had played in a Modigliani film, adolescent, candid, ingénue. But her eyes told me that she was exactly what I was looking for: a woman who could project Maddalena, the neurotic nymphomaniac in *La Dolce Vita*. . . .

My relationship with Anouk is professional, film director puppeteer and actress puppet. But Anouk and I are also friends, the kind of friends you make in school, because she is such a nice woman, *una donna molto simpatica*. . . .

There is a great contradiction in Anouk that fascinates. She can be so absolutely shy and the next moment as tough as a shark, a dweller in the abyss. She can be quick as a bull in doing certain things and then suddenly resume a stuttering timidity. With me, Anouk always maintained her little-girl rôle, but I felt that behind that façade of *brava ragazzina*, the good little girl, there was in her at least a little of what I wanted her to show as Maddalena. . . .

She could become a symbol of a certain chastity of spirit. But I think that's only the most obvious aspect of Anouk. She has an essentially tragic mask, sensual without being gross. Her face suggests an almost metaphysical sensuality. She could easily play the rôle of a goddess. . . .

Another great quality of Anouk that has not been exploited is her potential for buffoonery, her lugubrious clownery. I hope to work with her again because I want to show the comical aspect of her personality, her sombre, archetypal comicality. . . .

Perhaps it is time for a certain modesty of spirit that Anouk exemplifies. We have had so much flamboyance with no quality to sustain it, no richness of femininity. But we must be careful not to make a publicity venture out of it. Otherwise, we merely substitute this new image for that of the conventional sex goddess with the enormous bosom. Real modesty should not be publicized. . . .

The danger in creating a new myth, a new type of woman, is of doing this in a conventional way. When you say it is time for a new type of woman—not a child, not a mother, not a whore, but a complete adult woman, a real companion for a man—you are speaking of a woman who is a mixture of femininity and modesty, with a full sense of responsibility toward her husband and society. An *intelligent* woman. But if we create too conventional a symbol, we revert to an unreal, unsatisfactory sort of woman. . . .

Anouk's fascination is exactly that. She suggests the mature woman, the real companion for the adult man, the woman who saves the man from his infantilism. This woman would be very welcome. . . .

She is a very attractive co-worker—only occasionally some little caprice. But you have to expect this in talented people for their very talent is the result of something hidden, some secret torments. . . .

It is necessary to create a free woman—otherwise there can not be a free man. . . . Have you read anything by Jung? He makes the point that women represent the "other side of the moon": man's obscure side, man's mystery, the side of himself the man himself does not know. When a man starts to talk about women, or rather the *real* woman, he is talking about his own dark side. I think only a completely free man can talk about the real woman. . . . I am the regressive type of man. I am the type the new generation has to kill. Men like me are here to testify that our confusion is not completely our fault. . . .

Anouk is an actress I esteem very, very much, apart from my personal liking for her and apart from the fact that she has a nice full rump. . . .

ANOUK AIMÉE
A FACE
OF THE HOUR





THE PENELOPE TREE

BY POLLY DEVLIN

Penelope Tree is absolutely marvellous to look at. She projects the spirit of the hour, a walking fantasy, an elongated exaggeratedly-huge-eyed beautiful doodle drawn by a wistful couturier searching for the ideal girl. She's also marvellous to talk to, funny, affectionate, interesting, enthusiastic; knowing what she likes but diffident when she doesn't. But at first sight everyone just looks and looks again at this extraordinary girl, trying to find out what's behind That Face. She says her face is manufactured . . . "it's all makeup. . . ." Because the detail is so amazing, an intricate and spectacular canvas on which she paints the mood of the day, it takes the sightseer quite a long time to realize the total expression, to look at or into her eyes. Then one discovers that these eyes are unfathomable and amused and have been watching all this speculation with interest.

It's impossible to arrive at a conclusion about Penelope's face because it changes every day; what's behind it, say her eyes, is my secret and my business too. It's double bluff. The way she looks is diversionary activity (the opposite of camouflage?), but it *makes* everyone look at her—so she gets more protective with makeup. "Eventually," she says a little grimly, but laughing, "I'll end up like a layer cake or a Zulu war mask."

She doesn't just use makeup to enhance her beauty, she uses it to change herself. It's outrageous and beguiling and successful. Her eyes glow in a forest of tracery, her cheek bones are white, her cheeks hollow into a triangular cat's face. "I started it all at thirteen, I think to annoy my friends' parents. Now I do it all the time. I time myself, race myself each morning. This morning I did it in fourteen minutes. Sometimes my makeup comes out strangely. . . ." That fourteen minutes has been used with skill and glee and panache. . . . "It's not essential . . . I'd hate to think of its being so, of ever acting like (Continued on next page)

This is the legendary diamond of 90.38 carats, known as the Briolette of India (though it may have come from China), around which cluster almost as many fables as it has facets; it is a superb example of the old, rarely-seen briolette form and cutting—an oval shape, entirely faceted to give clarity and sparkle. Here, Penelope Tree holds it up to an admiring eye, as a succession of young beauties must have done before her over the last eight centuries. . . . Many of the "fables" surrounding this ancient gem may be facts, though it's almost impossible to prove at this distance in time. What they say, true or not, is that the diamond arrived in England in the twelfth century with Eleanor of Aquitaine, who was first Queen of France, then Queen of England; that it went to the Crusades with her son, Richard Coeur de Lion; that only because of it—the great diamond blazing on his neck—did his mother recognize him in prison. . . . Then, mystery enveloped it until the sixteenth century, when Henri II of France gave it to his beautiful blond mistress, Diane de Poitiers; it was shown in one of the many portraits of her that were done in her heyday at Fontainebleau . . . then disappeared for another four centuries; surfaced briefly about twelve years ago; and is now at Harry Winston's in New York, awaiting—serene, undimmed in purity and brilliance—the next chapter in its histoire galante.

Penelope Tree looks at the world through a fabulous diamond

AVEDON

those women one sees swimming carefully with their heads above water so as not to wet their makeup. . . ."

There's not much chance. She's seventeen, slim as a rake, slender-shouldered, lithe, and she'd wipe all the makeup off in a minute if she felt like it. It's hard to believe she's only seventeen—her conversation is funny, witty, allusive, rueful, ranging over everything from Rasputin whom she admires *enormously*, to modern poetry about which she knows a great deal. She loves the thirties—"the people of the thirties, the Round Table at the Algonquin, Dorothy Parker and Robert Benchley; the movies, especially W. C. Fields; and I love the clothes because of the materials. . . . Anywhere from 1880 to 1940-ish is interesting. World War II began a whole new thing; there's a new generation with no explanation. It's not social revolution but social evolution."

Two of the main reasons for her poise and delicious manners and conversation are her parents, Ronald and Marietta Tree—she loves them dearly and admires them greatly. Half English, half American, she is as at home in New York as in London or Barbados where she spends a holiday every year at her parents' house. Her mother Marietta was for some time the Personal Representative of the U.N. Secretary General, and Penelope Tree went to the United Nations School in New York for her final school year. It had a great effect on her life. She loved it. She was allowed to be herself, to explore, to grow up, to smoke cigarettes—or at least not be treated like an outcast if found smoking. She made friends at the U.N. school who she feels will be friends all her life and she feels tremendously lucky in having been there.

This autumn she starts at Sarah Lawrence where she plans to major in English. "Sarah Lawrence because it is very strong in English. And they don't have any exams and marks systems. Instead there are reams of comment on your work . . . I think that's much better. And you have choice. One can either do nothing all the time one's there . . . or work, use it." She wants to write but is fairly nervous, a bit despairing about it . . . but the nerves and the despair arise because she has the confidence that she *can* write and is simply afraid she won't. "I'll do anything to put off the moment when I have to sit down and face that blank sheet of paper. Go for walks, do my nails, do things I don't want to do and that don't need to be done . . . anything but start." Though she seems mildly surprised by the rush of photographers who try to book her for sittings, she finds modelling a nice balance for the "humdrum life of schooling. . . . I've met people I love whom I probably would never have met otherwise, and I think the camera is the newest and most exciting art implement since the paintbrush."

Qui êtes vous, Penelope Tree?

A book she has just read. A picture she has looked at . . . "Penelope," said Avedon, who photographed her for Vogue, "is never only *of today; to each gesture she brings a sense of all the things that have ever interested her. Out of this she invents every moment a new little rôle for herself which she plays with devastating humour . . . she is a delight."*







Profiles in the night

Penelope, left: spikes of paintbrush lashes and hair flung like a satin bow around a thin, glittering barn-swallow profile. It's all done with mirrors, right. Penelope, marvellously attenuated, like a carved monk on a Byzantine chapel wall, in black wool crêpe spangled with hundreds of small faceted mirrors. By Donald Brooks; Ondelaine fabric. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Rich's; Gus Mayer; Sakowitz. Magli sandals. Penelope Tree's coiffures on all these pages are by Ara Gallant; sometimes arranged with Tovar-Tresses hairpieces.

AVEDON


AVEDON

Her legs are in boots, her heart's in the Highlands, left: Penelope in a side-closed smock of Royal Stuart tartan—red, green, black, and white—with a large panel-pleat in front, lots of little ones at the back. By Edie Gladstone for Deebs, of wool plaid; about $85. Gimbels; Gidding-Jenny; Joske's, Houston; Joseph Magnin. Evins stocking-length black boots at I. Miller. A page out of the Renaissance, right, in a covered wide-falling black velvet tunic that comes to a dazzling end—a deep sheer hem of jewel-embroidered organza through which jewelled black legs can be seen to sparkle all night. By George Halley, of silk-and-cotton velvet. At Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; Sakowitz. Stanley Hager earrings. Hudson pantie stockings; shoes by Herbert Levine.

Lorna Doone days... and the black night



The little ones for evening

Flowering Tree, right—Penelope, that is—and cut-velvet flowers of bloomiest orange. Full-sleeved and simply tied at the wrists, tied at the neck—and set loose. Dress by Rudi Gernreich, of silk-and-acetate velvet: about $190. At Lord & Taylor; Jean Allen, Southport; Country Club Fashions, Los Angeles. Earrings by Layne Nielson for Rudi Gernreich. The tights by Rudi Gernreich for the McCallum Boutique, at Arnold Constable. Blouson mini, above left—as long on top as it's short below. Lustrous, luscious yellow panné velvet bloused over an elasticized waistband. Dress by John Bates for Jean Varon of London, in rayon velvet; about $70. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Dayton's. Pantie stockings by Glen Raven. Night in shining legs, centre left—jewelled boots glimmering all the way up and gartered under shorts and tunic of black silk crêpe, with a turtlenecked plunge of matching jewels at the top. By Oscar de La Renta. Turtleneck-jewels, tunic, and shorts at Lord & Taylor; Stanley Korshak. David Evins boots, for Oscar de La Renta, to order at I. Miller. Now you see, now you don't, left—white silk jersey supple and sheer as a body stocking over the arms, over the throat and down to the hipbone where white wool jersey takes over briefly . . . just as it does at the wrists. By Rudi Gernreich; about $125. Lord & Taylor. Hattie Carnegie earrings. Rudi Gernreich tights for the McCallum Boutique, at Altman's.

AVEDON





Habit-form black, right: Penelope à l'equestrienne. sealed neck to toe in a black jersey leotard that extends into soles... round little black silk-velvet derby on her head and a demi-long winging of black felt skirt, wrapped to one side and held at the waist. (Helanca nylon leotard, with Herbert Levine soles.) All, by Adolfo, to order at Saks Fifth Avenue. Foxy, far right: short, fluffy, belted—everything a girl could ask of a fur coat this winter, in a tawny, goldeny new colouring of fox called Lemon. Of Lemon-dyed Norwegian fox tied with ribbon. By Ben Kahn. At Gunther Jaeckel Furs, Bonwit Teller; Gidding-Jenny; Creed's of Toronto. Richelieu earrings. Glen Raven pantie stockings. Shoes by Capezio.

Leotard blackout...
lemon-fox knockout

AVEDON







The feather dancers

Turkey trot, far left: Penelope spins on, up to her ears and thigh high in ruffly russety turkey feathers with something wild and wonderful in between—a twilled wool tom-tom print of orange, brown, black, ivory. By George Halley; printed wool by Julian Tomchin for Chardon-Marché. At Saks Fifth Avenue. Robert Originals earrings. The little red satin slippers with fluted golden heels, made to order by Evins. Curly white ostrich, directly left, pleated white chiffon—a dress that stands still just long enough to have its picture taken. Mam'selle by Betty Carol, of silk and masses of feathers; about $135. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Rich's; Sakowitz. Pantie stockings by Beautiful Bryans. The star-crossed sandals are made to order by Evins.



BALENCIAGA

Two dreams from the dream-maker—Balenciaga—in subtle, transparent cocoa-brown, played against all that's spectacular. . . . At left, a white top of all-over paillettes, slick as a sweater, with a bolero that falls like a veil, and mini-bloomers, both of cocoa organza. A soft white satin bow at the waist. Right, a white mink suit with a short shrug of jacket, a sloped-out skirt, a white satin bow-tied belt. The small superb blouse—cocoa chiffon that falls in a row of soft little folds. In the hair, a few dark-pink roses. Kislav gloves. Both Balenciaga costumes: special order from I. Magnin.

Sparkle and shadow... white paillettes, white mink, sheer little clouds of cocoa-brown

PENN



THE AMERICAN CUSTOM



splendour all the way



Sophie . . . Marvellous ideas of shape and colour, the glow of beading, superb details . . . all these splendours here in clothes with personal magnetism, made to order by four of America's great custom designers. Jewels for the maharani, dining at home, left: a shimmer of beads and sequins etching the flowery design of a brocade tunic of pink and green (with two bright-lights necklaces compounding the glitter). The sides of the tunic, slit high over pink velvet pyjamas. Earrings by Jack Gilbert. Jewelled throatband by Apex Art. Long bead-fringe necklace by Robert Originals. All at Saks Fifth Avenue. The coiffure by Hugh Harrison.

A cluster of petals, above, shaped to a little bolero over a bare-top dress with long gathered skirt—all, silk crêpe in a most appealing shade of green, the colour of young moss. The high sash, pink velvet. Earrings and ring by Charles Elkaim. Both at Saks Fifth Avenue. Stockings by Christian Dior. Pink shoes by Charles Jourdan. Coiffure by Hugh Harrison, hairpieces by Cleopatra. Both costumes by Sophie, made to order at Saks Fifth Avenue.

DAVID BAILEY

THE AMERICAN
CUSTOM

splendours

DAVID BAILEY

shimmering and soft

Scaasi . . . Incandescent green brocade, left, patterned in puckered gold, folded like a cocoon for a beautiful head to emerge. The cape, curved up and tied at the nape over a high-waisted strapless dress with widened hem. Made to order at Arnold Scaasi. Earrings by Apex Art. Choker necklace by Albert Weiss. Coiffure: Ara Gallant.

Stella . . . A flow of sky blue, right, slanting down from a one-shoulder top to widest pyjama legs—a heart-melting look for dinner at home. By Stella, of silk charmeuse crêpe; made to order for I. Magnin. Long geometric earrings by Apex Art. Huge blue ring by Jack Gilbert. Coiffure by Hugh Harrison with hairpieces by Cleopatra.



THE AMERICAN CUSTOM

Eric . . . The Fort Knox shirtdress, left, an underplay of gleam with four flap pockets, fly front, a flat band around the throat—filled, here, with bright beads. For any number of evenings now: a smash. Earrings by K.J.L., at Bergdorf Goodman. Necklace by Marvella. K.J.L. bracelets. Hansen gloves. Pantie stockings by Van Raalte. Pearly and pebbly wool, right, marvellous against skin, hair, furs—shaped to the waist with a grey suède belt; cowled neckline, wide hem. Stockings by Hanes, at Bergdorf Goodman. Earrings by Stanley Hagler. Richelieu rings. Both dresses, Eric designs made to order at Bergdorf Goodman. Coiffure: Hugh Harrison. Cleopatra hairpieces.

DAVID BAILEY

splendours short and

shaped





patchouli

its fall and rise... new heyday for a memorable scent

BY LESLEY BLANCH

It was the best of perfumes, it was the worst; it was the trademark of the grande cocotte, it was worn by the femme du monde. It was the heaviest of scents, it was the lightest. It was the worst of taste, it was the height of fashion. It drove men mad, it tamed the beasts of the jungle. It was an aphrodisiac, it was an emetic. It came from India—from Haiti. It smelled of newly sharpened pencils; of Victorian boudoirs. It preserved furs from moth; it was something to eat. It was divine: it stank.

These were some of the ways patchouli was described to me when I set out to discover what precisely was the nature and history of this long-forgotten perfume which reached its apogee of popularity about a century ago—and which, suddenly, is in demand once more.

Patchouli—pucha-pat to the India of its origin—belongs, in Europe, essentially to the mid-nineteenth century; it is the essence of its age, as frangipani evokes the eighteenth, and musk and ambergris belong to the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, a time of perfumed gloves—and poisoned ones too. Each age has its characteristic expression, found as much in some minor aspect as in a heroic gesture or great personality. A tune, a colour, a manner of speaking, like a way of moving, or standing, or a particular piece of clothing is as telling as a line of thought or a code of conduct. And nothing is more memorable than a perfume.

Patchouli was the quintessential nineteenth-century perfume, as the shawl was its quintessential garment. The two are indissolubly linked, for patchouli first came out of India because of and with the cashmere shawls which were then the cornerstone of every woman's wardrobe.

These cashmere shawls first appeared on the European market early in the nineteenth century, with the rise of the East India Company's trade, along with spices and those fabulously fine muslin scarfs and shawls which the Empress Josephine wore with such incomparable grace. Fifty years later cashmere shawls were worn with equal grace by another French Empress, Eugénie, and by women of all degrees, in varying degrees of elegance. The finest were collectors' pieces, more valuable than furs. They were woven in Kashmir; beneath the giant ranges of the Himalayas, whole families spent whole lives weaving legends and symbolism into their traditional patterns. The best were always bordered with silken threads, but the main shawl was woven from the underbelly fleece of Tibetan or Kashmirian goats. This retained a rather Pan-like odour, disagreeable to the sophisticated west, so that it became customary to steep the finished article in patchouli essence. Thus patchouli became the signature of a cashmere shawl, part of its particular quality, like the faint odour of sandalwood, from the boxes in which it travelled—often by the shorter, overland route across Russia—to reach the capitals of Europe. Gradually, the shawls came to be copied, more cheaply, by French manufacturers, or at Paisley in Scotland, and the deception was almost perfect. But not quite. That elusive, exotic perfume of the genuine article was lacking. It was only when this was traced to the patchouli plant, and the essential oil or dried leaves were imported, that the copies took on the same convincing fragrance and could be palmed off as genuine. But by then patchouli had become the rage in its own right, the signature of a whole age.

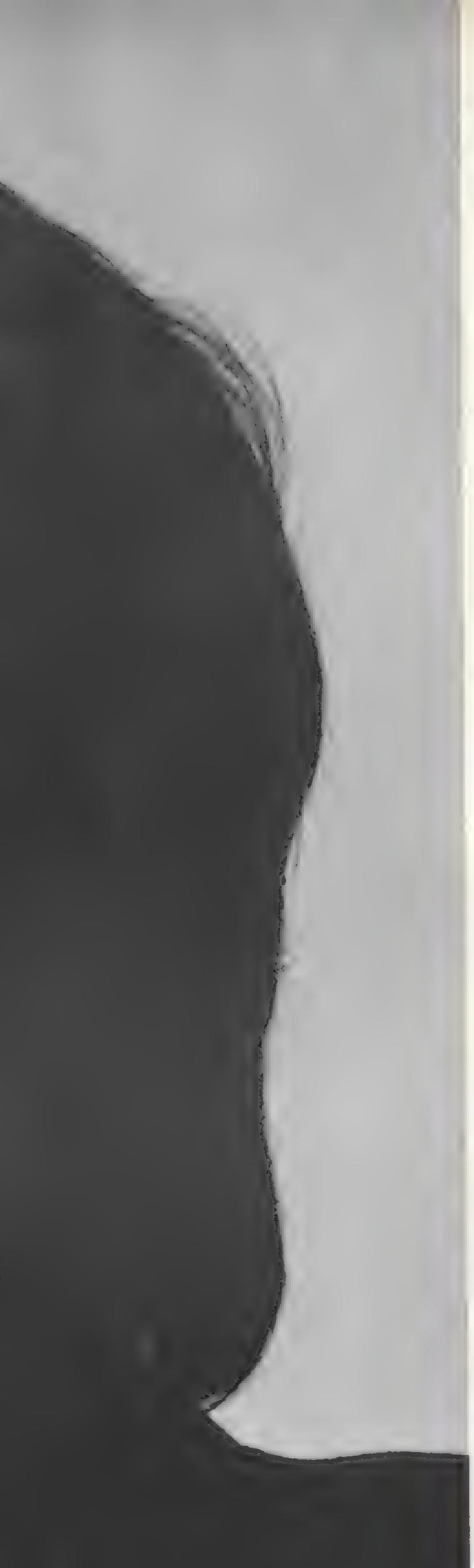
It is a long stretch from Bengal or Malaya where pucha-pat, this sage-like green plant, grows along the river reaches, to the febrile gaieties of Paris in the Second Empire. Yet this curiously haunting, musty, almost mouldy perfume spanned it. Perfume experts describe patchouli—pogostèmon to them—as woodsy, in contrast to floral or musky scents. To me, it has what I can only describe as a greenish scent, infinitely seductive.

Once it burned with sandalwood and flower petals before altars to Hindu gods; then it scented the bonnet strings and boudoirs of that Paris which Constantin Guys and Manet painted; which Baudelaire and the Goncourt brothers knew. . . . To the music of Offenbach the Parisians parade under the chestnut trees of the Bois de Boulogne, where the leaves grow as green and ordered as cardboard scenery. Here bearded dandies in stovepipe hats promenade, judging horse flesh and woman flesh, as the vastly crinolined women—"hetaerae of the pavement"—sweep past, lifting their skirts to display white stockings and tiny kid boots—for that is the gesture of coquetry most typical of this moment. In the spangled dust of a summer's afternoon the équipages bowl along green allées, and more of these painted, (Continued on page 242)

THE CASHMERE SHAWL—quintessence of the nineteenth century—came to Europe redolent with patchouli, the fragrance of the age, that scented bonnet strings and boudoirs. Worn by Judith Beams, an eighteen-year-old charmer, blond and delightfully frangible, who is a student at London's Royal Ballet School.

CECIL BEATON





PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT ...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The moral and political complexities of who sells arms to whom, where. . . . The Republican politicians who think that the elections in 1968 will be won on urban issues. . . . The simple fact pointed out by Senator Charles H. Percy of Illinois that, no matter how rough the going, John V. Lindsay is having the time of his life mayoring New York. . . . After elaborately painted cars, now, wallpapered cars with flowers and bubbles stuck on: expressway découpage.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The mounting excitement in sculpture with the huge, vital exhibition "American Sculpture of the Sixties," now at the Philadelphia Museum of Art, and, in New York, two major shows: one, the great gathering of half a century of Picassos to open October eleventh at The Museum of Modern Art; the other, the extraordinary experiment of a city-wide sculpture exhibition, a public treasure hunt with works by distinguished artists, many made especially for their locations, turning up in Grand Central station, on an East River pier, in a corner of Carl Schurz Park, or on top of a building on West Fifty-seventh Street.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . "The Creative World of René Bouché, 1910-1960," an exhibition of the late painter's subtle, elegant portraits, in New York from October fourth at the Finch College Museum of Art. . . . The teen-aged thing for un-tea dances with the trappings of evening parties, only in the afternoon. . . . *Babbitts and Bohemians,* a sober book about the American nineteen-twenties by Elizabeth Stevenson who makes nothing seem more curiously archaic than the money policies of Secretary of the Treasury Andrew W. Mellon, a curiously contradictory man: "In his function as enforcer of Prohibition, he was an anomaly; Overholt whiskey was among his investments." . . . Country Joe and the Fish, one of those rock music groups which have taken up the electric organ as an effective jazz instrument with overtones of *Inner Sanctum.*

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The Doors, the California music bunch who wrote and played that song about a 1967 girl, "Twentieth Century Fox." . . . The gritting movie *The Exterminating Angel,* by Luis Buñuel, who conceived one of the most effective hells on film: a group of rich, boring, almost polite people—the women agonizingly cinched into evening dresses of the fifties—mysteriously trapped in a hideous Mexican-baroque drawing room stuffed with gilding and hot upholstery; a hell which, having invented it, Buñuel unfortunately won't let his audience leave either.

ARTHUR PENN AND WARREN BEATTY, THE "BONNIE AND CLYDE" GANG, have this in common: They want to make their kind of movie, hang the rules. Penn directing, Beatty starring, they made *Mickey One.* It stirred controversy and was, they said, "the incubator of *Bonnie and Clyde* in many many ways." Penn directing, Beatty starring and producing ("I'm much better at conning people," said Beatty of Penn, "than this guy"), they made *Bonnie and Clyde* in sixty days, with one day for retakes. Approximately the moment the movie was released, a Hollywood film paper called it "among the year's most discussed, honoured, and profitable." Arthur Penn, far left, a smallish, compact man with an expression of almost permanent relish, and Warren Beatty, with cigar, a tall, lean man whose infrequent smile, once started, comes up like thunder, go about profit-making somewhat in the manner Bonnie and Clyde robbed banks—perversely. They break rules technically, nearly driving the cameraman batty by taking out traditional Hollywood "kicker" lights in favour of straight light of day. They break rules thematically: "There hasn't been a picture that goes from that kind of laugh to that kind of violence," Beatty said. When they are not breaking rules together, Penn, as both a stage and film director, and Beatty, as a movie star, have their separate, dug-in, often distinguished careers. They have set no new project together. Something will come up. Arthur Penn said, "I guess we're inextricably involved."

H.R.H. THE PRINCESS ALEXANDRA.

WITH THE HONOURABLE ANGUS OGILVY AND THEIR CHILDREN

Her apricot skin, her extraordinary eyes that seem to mirror light, her bearing, her distinctively high-bridged nose—these are the grace notes of legends. When Princess Alexandra travels this month in the United States with her husband. the Honourable Angus Ogilvy, she comes as one of Britain's most admired and sought-after public figures. For sound, non-legendary reasons. She has awareness, humour, concern. She makes official performances seem festive. She was photographed here and on the following pages in England with her husband and their children, James, three years old, and Marina, aged one, at Thatched House Lodge where the Ogilvys live in Richmond Park.

CECIL BEATON





THE OGILVYS AT THATCHED HOUSE LODGE WHERE THEY LIVE IN ENGLAND

H.R.H. Princess Alexandra and the Honourable Angus Ogilvy live at Thatched House Lodge, amid sunlight, chintz, mahogany, and eighteenth-century portraits, a life with a deceptive look of ease. They work—hard and with grace. She, in answer to a nonstop stream of requests to provide a Royal presence. He, as a distinguished, driving businessman with a flock of Boards and Committees to mind. They love the outdoors, the country, but they manage never to seem impatient or "on duty." A friend said of them, "The intuition of the people is seldom at fault: The Ogilvys have won from the British great respect."





CECIL BEATON

The Israeli

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Tall, dashing, an American writer who moves with the action, Martha Gellhorn is both a novelist and a reporter. Her most recent novel:* The Lowest Trees Have Tops. *Her most recent reportage: The Arab-Israeli front, where, after the shooting, she shifted into the sands of the Sinai desert with that "glorious, incredible, matter-of-fact Israeli army." No neophyte to danger, Martha Gellhorn in her book* The Face of War *covers conflict from Spain of the thirties to—in a new reprint—Viet Nam of the sixties. Sometimes she escapes to Kenya, to write on a marbled beach of the Indian Ocean near Mombasa. "I . . . wish constantly that I were an astronomer, an animal ecologist, or an ornithologist," she wrote, "instead of being a writer." A writer whose beat is often war.*

The army of Israel, in wartime or peacetime, bears little or no resemblance to any other army in the world. It seems to operate on the revolutionary principle that everyone in it is glad to be there, is intelligent, capable, and should not be harassed by a lot of military hocus-pocus. "Mine not to reason why" would strike this army as dangerous nonsense. The reason why is explained and understood, a system which gives dignity and responsibility to all ranks.

There is, anyhow, no fuss about rank. Half the time these men in khaki are carrying on busily without an officer in sight; half the time officers don't bother to wear insignia. Saluting is apparently a sort of private joke: I counted three smiling salutes in a month. There is no word for "sir." The only comparable word is "Hamefaked" which means "the Commander." Maybe someone actually says that to someone else of a higher rank but first names are the usual form.

Judging by results, discipline must be complete even if invisible. I'd bet that orders were brief and final in the thick of battle but nowadays orders are given in a friendly tone of voice, leaving room for discussion and even for laughter. What impresses is the lack of orders. People evidently know their jobs and light out on them with audacious confidence.

There weren't enough uniforms to go round and uniforms don't worry them; anything khaki-coloured will do. Clothes do not make the man. Beards are okay; moustaches, sideburns, ducktails, too. Shirts can be worn hanging outside; sneakers are favourite footgear; camouflage trousers with black oxfords are not unknown; hats or no hats are a matter of taste; nobody looks like anyone else. These men live on orange pop and chocolate milk, sober and cheerful. They have no travel orders but hitchhike home for twenty-four hours leave and hitchhike back on time. No one complains and any soldier speaks freely to any officer about anything. The beauty of this army is that it ignores regimentation, doesn't believe in it. As a fighting force, it is unique; as human beings, it is a fair treat.

Twelve days after the end of the Arab-Israeli War, we set out in convoy through the Sinai desert. The Sinai desert ranges from quite beautiful to amazingly beautiful and is always impossible to like. The heat can be imagined if you try. There are also flies in maddened hordes: The trick is not to swallow them. We clung to the supports of the command car's canvas roof, bounced on the metal benches, drank lukewarm water from plastic jerry cans, and were in a state of pure euphoria. David had defeated Goliath and the world had not slipped into a massive chain-reaction conflict. We had transport, which is as rare as rubies in Israel. And we were enamoured of our two attendant Israelis, Chaim, the driver, and Uri, the lieutenant colonel of paratroops.

I wouldn't swear that our love was entirely requited. Israelis do not understand the communications industry, as represented by the world's press, photographers, TV and movie teams. Clearly they were astonished that six hundred of these should have arrived in their small remote country to witness their war and after-war. To Israelis, writing about something or taking pictures of it is a sort of hobby, sport, or sideline, perhaps even a nervous tic. Doing is what counts, not telling about it. In my opinion, they regard all of us as a special breed of tourist, haunted by irrational anxieties concerning time. Chaim and Uri, after our days in the Sinai desert, appeared to feel a protective fondness for us, such as one might feel for good-hearted child loonies.

There is no standing army in Israel, only a permanent cadre of professional officers and noncoms who train the boys and girls during their compulsory military service. In case of need, the able-bodied citizens are called up and within forty-eight hours they constitute the army. Chaim was one of these, a Tel Aviv taxi driver. When called up, he drove for forty-seven straight hours to bring reserve officers to their units, and had been driving ever since. Born in Tangier, Chaim was Arab dark, spoke Hebrew, Arabic, North African French in a high squeaky voice, and was built like a cement silo.

Chaim never rested, he was as curious as a monkey, much more competent than the whole Swiss Family Robinson, unruffled, jolly, kind, and a genius at organization. We felt that if only we could keep Chaim in our lives, we would have no further prob-

BY MARTHA GELLHORN

secret weapon

iems. Chaim had a problem of his own; just before the war, he acquired a new apartment in Tel Aviv, and his unpaid bills worried him about once a day. At present he was earning the regular army pay for privates in the reserve—five dollars a month—which hardly solved his problem.

Uri, like Chaim, was in his late thirties. There all resemblance ended. He was a sabra, a native of Israel, and a professional soldier, obviously a remarkable one since he had taught and studied the art of war in many parts of the world. He knew a rare variety of languages, but spoke very little. Whereas Chaim moved about at the speed of light, managing our safari, the colonel was as relaxed as a cat. He had come along for the ride, to see the Sinai battlefield because he had fought the war in the Syrian hills; he was a tourist, too. He walked with his toes turned out, like a modified Charlie Chaplin, slouched, looked like a harmless middle-aged professor in rumpled khaki, and had 682 parachute jumps to his credit.

These dissimilar men sat in the front seats of the command car and got on like a house pleasantly afire. Chaim needed no orders and Uri gave none. There is one absolute order in the Israeli army, absolutely obeyed. In combat, the officer says: "Follow me." This accounts for the fact that half of the Israeli war dead were officers and probably explains why they don't need formal military tokens of respect.

The sand was a rolling beige sea; in the distance handsome carved mountains rose into the heat haze. The man-made additions to this scenery were stone-revetted trenches, gun positions, all types of burned or holed military vehicles, ammunition and mine dumps, minefields, anti-aircraft guns pointing to the empty sky. The tarmac roads are meant only for making war, so few suffice. At a crossroads, drawn up in a great semicircle, like the battle formation of Nelson's ships, huge Russian tanks squatted useless on the dunes. Chaim decided it was time for lunch, at four in the afternoon, and led the convoy to an Egyptian barracks, a cluster of shabby, mucky cement buildings set in surrounding nothingness.

Chaim shepherded us past a youthful Israeli sentry, who was knotting the remnants of his shoe laces, to what must have been the Egyptian officers' mess. Two little Israeli girl soldiers appeared and began to wipe sand from a large table; the sand would sift back within fifteen minutes. Chaim then broke out Israeli army rations, which were either delicious or we were starved, and we fell upon the food. Everyone took the girls for granted as if it was the most natural thing in the world for these tiny tots to be living in a desert hellhole.

The women's corps of the Israeli army is not a bunch of Amazons trained to fight alongside the hardy men. The female soldiers are mainly teen-agers, eighteen to twenty years of age, and all of them seem to be five foot two at most, have dove voices, sunburned smiling schoolgirl faces, and one would not be surprised if they curtseyed to their elders. These children were doing their regular twenty months military training when war broke out. Joined by the older girl reserves, they switched instantly to active service. In so small a country, men can not be wasted on telephones, communications, signals, clerical work, and odd errands such as wiping tables for tourists. Those are the jobs of the small, soft-spoken, polite, khaki-clad girls.

When their unit moves into battle, the girl soldiers stay behind, but an hour after a headquarters is established, they are in it, taking over noncombatant duties. And there they remain, in this awful desert, in the equally awful Gaza headquarters, wherever they are assigned. Many of them are lovely to behold, all look absurdly feminine in their short khaki skirts or slacks though, like the men, they are far from earnest about military appearances. I remember a ponytailed kid in Gaza wearing turquoise-blue ballerina slippers which evidently she found the most comfortable shoes for a war. She was chatting with a twenty-year-old sergeant who had fastened his stripes to his sleeves with safety pins. Both were proved war veterans.

How did these girls survive the dirt, flies, sand, day after suffocating day? It seems the men were generous and gave them an extra share of the rationed washing water, because it is well known that girls care more about being clean. When time and circumstances allowed, the men built a makeshift ladies' loo. Until then, the girls took an Uzi—the Israeli sub-machine gun—for self-protection, and a blanket for a screen, and wandered off into the desert, for privacy. And mattresses were sent out to them, after things calmed down, so they no longer slept on floors or the ground wrapped in an issue blanket.

Chaim hustled us back to our convoy; we had only been in transit for eleven hours, which is a lazy working day. In the late afternoon, the desert looked soft, almost rosy, but would become ominous by dark. Already, in the early evening, the night patrols were setting out. A tank, commanded by a boy as slim as a wand, clanked along beside us. The boy waved, we waved. His supporting troops, a Jeep-load of similar boys, stared at the tourists, grinned, called (Continued on page 235)

"FUNNY AND MOVING AND FRIGHTENING"

PINTER

BY KATHLEEN HALTON

No living British playwright is more influential than Harold Pinter, and none has a more unsettling effect on drama critics. They persist in finding him devious. In some circles he has even acquired a reputation as master of the put-on (the "if he's fooling us, then he can't be a fool" principle). When tackling the work of writers like John Osborne or Arnold Wesker, the critics happily explain it as tabloid slogans and social messages. Faced with Pinter, they frequently wander off into quagmires of confusion. Nihilist, symbolist of suburbia, metaphysician, gamesman, hoaxer: You name the cap, and they'll make him wear it.

Bewildered and surprised, Pinter has on several occasions denied these accusations: *The Birthday Party* could not have been influenced by Ionesco or Pirandello since he hadn't read either. The woman in *The Homecoming* is not a nymphomaniac, and if she is playing some kind of game, she's doing it for a very practical reason. Despite suggestions to the contrary Pinter is not concerned with using the theatre to express philosophical concepts or solutions: He would consider that an impertinence.

Pinter has said: "I've never started a play from any kind of abstract idea or theory. . . . You arrange *and* you listen, following the clues you leave for yourself, through the characters."

As one of the large public who admires Pinter more than any other living dramatist, and finds him funny and moving and frightening in the way he drills to the core of somebody's private being, I decided to follow the clues.

All I had to start with was the memory of a very curious first meeting in which the conversation with Pinter, his wife, Vivien Merchant, and my companion could only be described by the fearful word "Pinteresque." The scene was a theatre bar, the crucial prop, my friend's elaborately latticed black shoes. And this is how it went:

FRIEND: What did you think of the play?

PINTER (eyes fixed on friend's shoes): Vivien and I have been looking at your shoes and we think they are the sexiest shoes we have seen.

FRIEND: My shoes?

PINTER: Yes, your shoes. Can you tell us where you got them?

FRIEND (Pause): I don't know whether I've forgotten or whether I don't want you to know.

PINTER (Pause): I didn't see the play.

At this point, as Pinter whipped off heavy spectacles and stared with a fierce smile before him, I was convinced my friend would fall—like Bill in Pinter's play *The Collection*—poleaxed to the ground without a blow's being struck.

I was the more bemused in New York recently when that most candid and reliable judge, the English playwright Peter Shaffer, explained: "Harold's reputation for being oblique is the result of his being so straight. He's not withholding anything, and the implications people see in his work genuinely baffle him."

Shaffer and Pinter had built a close friendship during the spring months of this year while Pinter was in New York with *The Homecoming*. Pinter had disliked New York and what he described as "All that endless smiling." Bored by being lionized and by most of the people he met, he managed to remain elusive. His haunt was a theatre bar on West Forty-fifth Street, where he fancied the liver and onions and the good wood on the bar.

On my return to England, Pinter was in Nottingham directing Robert Shaw's *The Man in the Glass Booth*, his first production outside his own work. While I waited his return south, I filled in some of the basic clues.

He was born in Hackney in 1930 in the East End of London, an area where the dingier belt of suburbia meets what is optimistically called "country." (Pinter has described it as "weasel-under-the-cocktail-cabinet land.") The only son of a hardworking Jewish tailor, he won a scholarship to the local Hackney grammar school, and got into fights with the Fascists who were menacing the East End at that time.

Pinter refused military service as a conscientious objector and after a period at drama school became a repertory actor, touring Ireland for eighteen months with the late Anew McMaster and later England, with that rumbustious tyrant of English classical theatre, Sir Donald Wolfit. Pinter read modern novels; wrote poems and prose pieces, some of which appeared in small magazines; and introduced his friends to Samuel Beckett. (A friend recalls, "He was the earliest Beckett fellow I ever heard of.")

In 1956 Pinter married the actress Vivien Merchant whom he'd met on tour. When she became pregnant in 1958, they found a basement room in London's Notting Hill Gate where Pinter worked as a caretaker to pay the rent. (He worked at other times as a street salesman, doorman at a dancehall, and snow shoveller.)

Pinter's first play, a one-acter called *The Room*, was written in 1957 on commission from a friend at the University of Bristol drama department. He managed to complete it in four days. Close on its heels followed *The Birthday Party*, Pinter's first full-length play and a total flop when it was first performed (Continued on page 236)

HAROLD PINTER, BRITISH MAN OF ALL THEATRE, WROTE "THE BIRTHDAY PARTY," OPENING THIS MONTH ON BROADWAY, AND DIRECTED "THE MAN IN THE GLASS BOOTH," NOW A HIT IN ENGLAND.

LORD SNOWDON



the great new beauty opportunities



A Girl named Samantha Jones has one face and a dozen wardrobes for it. She selects them with care, fits them, tries various accessories with them—keeps some, discards others, exactly as she does with clothes. Made of 100% cosmetic (with some Dynel thrown in for special effects—her hair), six of her best new turnouts appear on the pages that follow here. . . .
A Girl named Veruschka has one set of bones (strung out), one envelope of skin (creamy-tawny), and a thousand ideas about how makeup can be used to dress this structure in unstructured ways. She was first on the block with body painting. First to surround her eyes—below as well as above—with an ellipse of illuminated white eye shadow. (It may have been the rouge-surrounded eye of the classic Chinese theatre makeup that gave her the idea in the first place, but in Veruschka's hands, with today's extraordinary pearled-silvered-blued-beiged-white frosters to work with, the idea becomes a thing apart.) . . . A Girl named Cathy Dahmen (bet you've never heard of her—but the name is famed on the mannequin circuit) has one face, one body, and at the moment one look that's all invention. She's put long fake undereye lashes on the map. Has pushed tight-curled hair to the borders (to tighten the curl of her double-permanented red-brown hair she douses it in a shower several times a day). Has established a winter-bronze body tone that may have sweeping effects (she rubs her palms in Vaseline, touches them to a strange bronze powder called Texas Earth, applies this over face, throat, body). . . . Point is, girls are girls. There are 65,000,000 of them clustered in the over-eighteen age-group in the United States today. In that crowd, a girl who wants to be The Girl has to be prepared to be her own David Merrick. Whether she has looks or not, whether or not her looks are her business or simply her pleasure, she has to take a few glorious gambles to dress her face interestingly. . . .
A sparrow called Farrow de-cliché-ed hair. A creature called Twiggy touched a new young nerve in eye makeup, legginess. A Samantha other than Jones (namely Eggar) made freckles not a mortification but a must-have. (And if you think the other Samantha took that lying down, she didn't: the latest on Samantha Jones is a scattering of the goldest, fakest freckles ever seen: gold sequins cut down and glued on.) . . . This is the era of The Girl. She makes her own beauty opportunities. And with them, she creates her own vital elbow room. . . .
The next pages are all Samantha Jones's facial-dressing room. Assistant face-dresser and hairdresser both: Ara Gallant (see page 96). Recorder of Sam Jones's new makeup trials: Penati. . . .

glow-on-glow: the great new beauty build-up

Lucky face—its glow gets an electric new build-up; blusher and highlighter are slicked on a whole new way. Here's the revolutionary glow-how. Fast swipe with a swivel-stick that looks like a theatrical grease stick but is light years ahead of that old magic wand. Luminescence is what it packs. It's Revlon's Face Gleamer. Comes in three shades for blushing and contouring, plus one transparent "shade" for pure glow. (Latter could also gleam a knee, a bare shoulder, a bosom.) . . . Glow on mouth is a new golden-tawny lipstick by Revlon, Pumpkinpeel. . . . Dynel and diamanté headdress by Ara; stones from Mayer Import.



PENATI

spidery lashes: the great new makeup under eyes

VOGUE, October 1, 1967

Happy eyes. They've got a new expression—with all the trimmings. Sprigs bewig the lower lashes; put the face in flower; say—more visibly than almost anything you could do to your face at this moment—you're on to the newest look in face-making now. Lower lashing—silky, sparse, with long or longer fake lashes—has suddenly struck and struck. How the mannequins make the connection is this way. They strip a pair of super-long upper lashes; select the longest single lashes—one, two, or three at a time. Then they dot sprigs in Duo, hold them against their own lashes until affinity occurs....

riper mouth: great new liking in lipstick

Auspicious mouth. It's generous to begin with—full, mobile, in the proportion that belongs to the face of the hour, the strong face. And without pushing its luck too far, this mouth has something else going for it in the way of a little more colour. A new richness of colour that comes partly from the richness of the lipstick itself: one of Germaine Monteil's new series of Super-Royal lipsticks.... Though "pursed," "bee-stung," and "Bow" mouths were given a fairly cheerful hello at some of the recent European collections, we just don't see this look catching on yet. (If ever.) We don't see the mouth turning hard, for the simplest reason in the world: a hardened mouth turns off the eyes.... Lipstick shade shown here is Passion Flower, pinky-coral-est of Super-Royals.

russet: great thing doing in hair

She's *not* a natural redhead, as who knows better than her hairdresser (or, for that matter, any reader who's seen her tawny hair shine forth from the pages of Vogue). But being russet-haired is a beauty opportunity won by decision, at left....Shades of red shampoo-in hair-colour are uppermost in Clairol's mind, too: they've come along with six degrees of red-hairedness in a series called Radiantly Red.... Note here: not only has The Girl been made a redhead in this photograph; she's also made herself up as a redhead, all creamy and russet.

silver polish: great way to dress the face

Selected at right: The Girl's silver pattern. Highlight goes on forehead, mouth, the eyes. And she could go on from here, silvering her face completely. Helena Rubinstein makes the wherewithal. New Silver Rage eye shadow, Silver Rage lipstick (good highlighter wherever it's used, forehead included). Lumina Silver face powder and Lumina Illumination foundation could extend effects dazzlingly. Earrings: Maison de Fou.

PENATI



Favoured body—it's leading the fragranced bath-life here, which is to say: the delicious life, the senses-soothing life. . . . Scent that clothes the whole body is still the greatest body makeup. . . . Being celebrated with all this naked greenery is Ritual, new bath and body fragrance by Charles of the Ritz. Balsamy, ferny, patchouli-y (see page 185) notes waft. They also make the house happy as steam-borne scent sneaks its way into nearby rooms. In two forms at present, Ritual is a bath oil (a limitation showerers solve by slicking themselves with oil before the deluge). Ritual is also a body perfume, same scent, direct route.

The bath scene: greatly dramatized

The eyes: great blue gaze— by hoax

Makeup champion—she's mastered her face in every detail, including its genes. If it's interesting to be blue-eyed, then blue-eyed she'll be. With blue-eyed eye shadow. Blue-eyed contact lenses. A blue-eyed attitude that's just one big gorgeous baby-blue-eyed gaze. (The Girl who settles for nothing less than exactly what she has in mind to be is who she is.) Devices here begin with new Blue eye shadow by Alexandra de Markoff; the more you put on, bluer the eyes. Same source supplies the lipstick, Couture Pink. Complexion maker, a glowing Countess Isserlyn. Hairdressing: Ara Gallant.



LINGERIE FOR THE BODY OF TODAY

Strong. Firm. Healthy. Glowing. This is the body the sun grew. The body the sun always shines on. Easy as summer the whole year round, glorying in the freedom of lingerie now. . . . Slips like flighty little sun dresses. . . . Dream-gathering culottes and rompers often shorter than forty winks. . . . Brassières and panties so becomingly wisped they could dash right into the waves. . . . Clear, clean colours against a proud expanse of skin. . . . Now lingerie brings the sun-glint of summer with it, into an indoor world. Nothing prettier or more perfectly conceived—construction is there, but with power to work invisibly. Green georgette culottes, above: chill-pale as grapes, and just as refreshing. Pyjamas by Henson Kickernick, in Stevetex tricot georgette by Stevens of Monsanto Blue C nylon—its colour is inspired by Warner Bros.' colourful movie, *Camelot*. About $25. At Altman's; Rich's; Marshall Field; Titche-Goettinger. Coral satin culottes, right: a luscious bloom of colour and a new way—as brief as it is beautiful—to heighten the glow of bare skin at bedtime. Pyjamas by Fischer, in satin de Lys of Monsanto Blue C nylon, Dacron, and silk (Registered fabric). About $13. At Bloomingdale's; Rich's; Halle Bros.; Bullock's-Wilshire. The sun-on-the-rocks, on both pages, shines along Sardinia's Costa Smeralda. The sun coiffures on these eight pages are all by Alexandre of Paris.

HENRY CLARKE





SUN COLOUR FOR THE BODY OF THE HOUR

Mist-morning romper, left, fresh as Grasse slopes at dawn—the picking hour for flowers picked now for a light little sleeper. Drawstring romper by Matej Sherko for Character; polyester chiffon print. About $20. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's. Streamers of wild-flower colour, above, blown hither and yon—in a midsummer breeze of a brassière-slip wisping its way to the thigh. By Emilio Pucci for Formfit Rogers, in Antron nylon tricot lightly padded and underwired. About $15. Lord & Taylor; Filene's; Frederick & Nelson. A garden vivid with violets and blues, below right, lapped by white at throat and hem—sun dress becomes nightdress, flung short from a high yoke. Emilio Pucci for Formfit Rogers, in Antron nylon tricot. About $25. At Lord & Taylor; Hutzler's; Frederick & Nelson. The sun perfume for the body of the hour—all the flowers of summer and of Pucci's Vivara perfume. Sun setting of sea and sky and golden rocks: the Costa Smeralda of Sardinia.

HENRY CLARKE



SUNDOWN RED FOR THE BODY OF TODAY

Ball of fire idea—petti-culottes, far left: who could ask for anything less? Or more . . . it even has garters attached. And a little lift of a brassière to keep it steady company. By Kayser, in tricot of Du Pont nylon and Lycra. Brassière, $4; culottes, $7. Bloomingdale's; Stix, Baer & Fuller.

New source of power—sun red, near left: terrific colour against bare skin . . . the brassière makes light of its high-wire feats and the pantie, its thread of pure strength. By Vanity Fair. Brassière, in tricot of Du Pont nylon and Lycra, $6; pantie, of Du Pont nylon and Lycra, $7. Bloomingdale's; Godchaux's; I. Magnin.

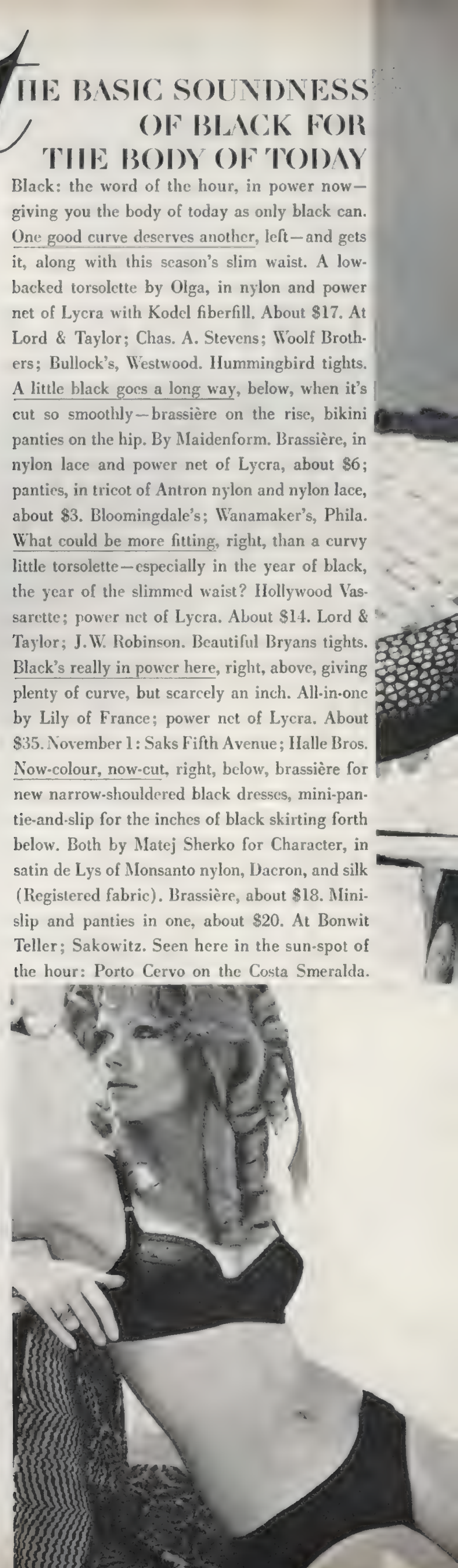
Sun red, sun set, below: brassière dipping low on either side—for deep-cut armholes; pantie girdle going down smoothly just as far as the thigh—in sun red banded by a hip-slung arc of white. By Warner's. Brassière, in tricot of Du Pont nylon and Antron nylon, $4; gartered pantie, in tricot of Du Pont nylon and Lycra, $10. Bloomingdale's; Sakowitz. Sundown coiffures by Alexandre of Paris. And all in the sunny world of Costa Smeralda's Porto Cervo.

HENRY CLARKE

THE BASIC SOUNDNESS OF BLACK FOR THE BODY OF TODAY

Black: the word of the hour, in power now—giving you the body of today as only black can. One good curve deserves another, left—and gets it, along with this season's slim waist. A low-backed torsolette by Olga, in nylon and power net of Lycra with Kodel fiberfill. About $17. At Lord & Taylor; Chas. A. Stevens; Woolf Brothers; Bullock's, Westwood. Hummingbird tights. A little black goes a long way, below, when it's cut so smoothly—brassière on the rise, bikini panties on the hip. By Maidenform. Brassière, in nylon lace and power net of Lycra, about $6; panties, in tricot of Antron nylon and nylon lace, about $3. Bloomingdale's; Wanamaker's, Phila. What could be more fitting, right, than a curvy little torsolette—especially in the year of black, the year of the slimmed waist? Hollywood Vassarette; power net of Lycra. About $14. Lord & Taylor; J.W. Robinson. Beautiful Bryans tights. Black's really in power here, right, above, giving plenty of curve, but scarcely an inch. All-in-one by Lily of France; power net of Lycra. About $35. November 1: Saks Fifth Avenue; Halle Bros. Now-colour, now-cut, right, below, brassière for new narrow-shouldered black dresses, mini-pantie-and-slip for the inches of black skirting forth below. Both by Matej Sherko for Character, in satin de Lys of Monsanto nylon, Dacron, and silk (Registered fabric). Brassière, about $18. Mini-slip and panties in one, about $20. At Bonwit Teller; Sakowitz. Seen here in the sun-spot of the hour: Porto Cervo on the Costa Smeralda.






HENRY CLARKE



DAVID BAILEY

THE DRESS OF THE HOUR

AFTER-DARK SHIRTS



Long live the short evening dress—it's going strong from six o'clock on, taking in all the bright gay parties from right now on. So peruse the glittering booty on these six pages.... The T-shirt dress turns on the bright lights, left: red-blue-purple-and-turquoise geometrics spangled all over a short silvery base-coat. By Geoffrey Beene, embroidered on Du Pont nylon. To order: Henri Bendel; Bramson; Amelia Gray. Charles Elkaim earrings, giant cube ring: all at Henri Bendel. Jungle kitten, right: a breezy little belted shirt-shape with a soft crush of collar—in tawny printed chiffon dusted with golden glitter. By Adele Simpson, of Bianchini silk with Lurex metallic threads. About $190. At Bergdorf Goodman; Hudson's; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin. Earrings by Lillian Barkow: Lord & Taylor. Both pages: stockings by Bewitching. Coiffures by Pino of Imo and Rosalba; Rosalba hairpieces.



THE DRESS OF THE HOUR— SHINING AFTER NINE

Two of the prettiest little dresses ever to add sparkle to a party. A curvy little dress, left, with the smallest, small-sleeved bodice, swaying away to a short wide hem—in gilt-grooved satiny pink cloqué with nine-o'clock rocks sparkling up the side. By Andrew Woods, of Gourdon ribbed metallic cloqué. About $185. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Gidding-Jenny; Sakowitz. Big sparkler earrings and ring by Jules Van Rouge. Pantie stockings by Bewitching. Paisley for a party, right: a small, delicious dress of gold-and-peach cut velvet chiffon, with slightly flaring jewel-edged sleeves. By Mollie Parnis, of Orceyre fabric. Mimi di N earrings. All at Saks Fifth Avenue. Pantie stockings by Van Raalte. On both pages: coiffures by Hugh Harrison, hairpieces by Cleopatra.

DAVID BAILEY





THE DRESS OF THE HOUR— PLEATS SWINGING AFTER SIX

Saint Laurent's charming little dresses in crêpe, lightly sparkled. Pretty pleats, left, released from a small, high bodice side-closed with jewelled daisies—in deep peacock-blue with a white gardenia nestled on one shoulder, a black velvet bag swung from the other. Copies, of Celanese acetate and rayon crêpe, at Bloomingdale's; Filene's; Lazarus; Bullock's-Wilshire. Saint Laurent earrings, bag. Pale chamois crêpe, right, the chained top outlined with diamanté bands, pulled low over a quick flick of pleats. Copies, of Celanese acetate and rayon crêpe, at Filene's; Rike's; Bullock's-Wilshire. Saint Laurent earrings. Maxandre stockings. Coiffures by Carita.

PENN

ROCOCO GETAWAY FOR

DONNA MARELLA AGNELLI, IN ITALY

BY VALENTINE LAWFORD PHOTOGRAPHED BY HORST

Donna Marella Agnelli's pace is incorrigibly unhurried, which may be one reason why, more than many women, she has a way of attaining her most romantically improbable ends. One discerns, but is never disturbed by, her exceptional motive force. Even when she is at her most purposeful, her words, like her movements, seem as unpremeditated as the arabesques of an absent mind. She has the capacity to be enviable without giving the least cause for justified resentment; to be unforgettable from self-forgetfulness; to be gracious without being ridiculous; to be graceful in spite of, or because of, her lack of concern with her own grace. A decade and a half ago, as Donna Marella Caracciolo—daughter of a Neapolitan prince, who was memorable as the able and popular Deputy Secretary-General of the Council of Europe—she spent six months in New York. Her mother was American; and Donna Marella (Continued on page 233)

Donna Marella Agnelli, right, *in the painted room,* salone dipinto, *of Villa Agnelli,* above, *in the hills of Piedmont where she, her husband, Giovanni Agnelli, and their children spend a month in the autumn.*



DONNA MARELLA AGNELLI



In September, Donna Marella Agnelli, above, *escapes with her husband and children to Villa Agnelli, a Piedmont pleasance near the hill town of Villar Perosa. Deeply involved in the life of the village, Donna Marella called in local artisans to work with international experts when she restored Villa Agnelli from war ruin to rococo splendour. "Everyone had such a good time," she said, "that the rooms were practically finished in three months."* Right, *the gilt-scrolled gallery of the* piano nobile, *or main floor, with painted chinoiserie panels and eighteenth-century Sicilian consoles of silver.* Left, *Piedmont treasures on a rare chinoiserie table; terra-cotta cache-pots and a polychrome bust of Carlo Emanuele III, Duke of Savoy and King of Sardinia, whose royal father had the famous Sicilian architect Filippo Juvara design for him this enchanting eighteenth-century shooting seat.*

HORST











DONNA MARELLA AGNELLI

A Neapolitan princess with an American mother, Donna Marella Agnelli, above, *is by marriage Piedmontese. Discerning, deeply knowledgeable, she arranged Villa Agnelli in the spirit of Piedmont, blending eighteenth-century art with generic crafts of the country.* Right, top to bottom: *Signor Agnelli's bedroom with hangings of* Bandera, *a form of Piedmontese embroidery of various coloured wools on simple white linen. To brighten the sombre stone façade of the house, Donna Marella planted only red and pink rosebushes in the rose garden. In the* sala da gioco, *the game room, a portrait of a Duchess of Savoy hangs above an eighteenth-century sofa, with cushions and wing chairs in velvet faux-tigre.* Left, *the* salone dipinto, *the most lived-in of the rococo reception rooms, is a fantasy of painted walls with, on a Piedmontese console, a pair of seventeenth-century Neapolitan blackamoors of gilt and bronze.*

DONNA MARELLA AGNELLI

"Everyone is happy here and the house is filled with flowers . . . ," said Donna Marella Agnelli who banked the sun-swept loggia of Villa Agnelli, where she is shown, right, *with shimmering greenery and urns of brilliant fuchsias. For the* camera giardino, *or garden room,* above, *she brought a pyramid of tawny dried alpine blossoms and fir cones from Switzerland.* Left, top to bottom: *The vaulted hallway of the ground floor, which Donna Marella converted from stables to a sequence of living rooms and guest suites. A view of the rear gardens, greenswards, clipped boxwood, and raked gravel paths. In her bedroom, Donna Marella used sage-green quilted silk on her Louis XV Piedmont bed with a chequered taffeta baldachin; on the floor, a Bessarabian carpet. A pair of wooden Oriental elephants, tall plants in their howdahs, flank the entrance of the* salottino cinese, *a small drawing room recently decorated by Donna Marella Agnelli in a blaze of chinoiserie.*

HORST



THE RETURN OF BLACK SEALSKIN—



Black sealskin, romantic fur of the year—dark, deep, sleek, delicious, with a lustre that adds new wattage to the skin's glow...at its best worn short, turned out with tall shiny black boots. Russian heroines stepping from sleighs, skating in moonlight...irrepressible romantic fantasies brought on by the look of a little black sealskin coat, above, belted snug and short over the longest, shiniest black boots. Coat by Max Bogen. The little Russian cap and ascot by Adolfo, and the gloves by Roger Faré, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Boots by Evins, at I. Miller.

GREAT FUR ROMANTIC

The cape romantic, above: a lustrous fling of black sealskin with side slits for the arms and sometimes its own golden chain belt—hooded and booted, wonderfully young and dashing. By Sidney Lambert. At Lord & Taylor; Furs by Lipsey, Beverly Hills. Halston hood, to order: Bergdorf Goodman. Golo boots. Black sealskin smallcoat, right: a beautiful belted shape with a fly-front closing, long narrow sleeves. An Emeric Partos design made to order at Bergdorf Goodman. Sombrero by Halston, to order at Bergdorf Goodman. Stretch nylon jumpsuit by Bewitching. Schaffer belt. Black boots by Kickerino: Best & Co. Both pages: black Fouke-dyed Alaska fur seal.

DAVID BAILEY

THE ROMANTIC BLACK SEALSKIN COAT





The gilt-buttoned polo coat in black sealskin, left, a sporty little number held with a wide black leather belt...lots of swagger and dash. By Ben Kahn. At Gidding-Jenny; Bullock's-Wilshire; Creed's of Toronto. Bracelets by K.J.L. Belt by Schaffer. Windowpane-checked stockings by Bewitching. Golo boots. The fitted and flared coat in black sealskin, above: shaped small on top, widening toward the hem, with a close little band of collar, leather frog-and-toggle fastenings. By Valerie Furs. At S. J. Glaser; Hoffman Morton, Chicago. Helanca nylon leotite, about $35: made to order at Capezio. Napier earrings. Vendôme and K. J. L. bracelets. Halston hats, this page, made to order at Bergdorf Goodman. The coiffures here and on the preceding two pages are by Pino of Imo and Rosalba.

The belted coat in black sealskin, this page, curving in to the tiniest waist, worn with jewelled cap and *coif-de-mailles*, long gleaming black boots. By Reiss & Fabrizio. Adolfo cap, hood: Saks Fifth Avenue. Kislav gloves: Best & Co. Evins boots: I. Miller. Both pages: black Fouke-dyed Alaska fur seal.

DAVID BAILEY

VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE

OF SUGGESTIONS, FINDS, AND OBSERVATIONS





"Sonny, this coat is out of sight."

Chér knows that just because you live in Los Angeles is no reason not to own a fur coat—or three or four. Especially if it's of the cats and rats variety, or anyway, not over-the-hill high-priced. For instance, it's very nice to drop in on Sonny's Sunset Strip office, all cuddled up in a circle of natural South American skunk zipped up the front from hem to chin. . . . Chér got it in New York at Harold Rubin's fur boutique ($400), 1186 Third Avenue. . . . Sonny is all business, of course. He has to be, what man isn't—in his office running a sizeable highly profitable business which happens to be called Sonny and Chér. Chér diligently reads her fan mail (left). She really does. "Yeah this one is from Yugoslavia. I can always recognize the handwriting. . . ."







Chér tools around

Los Angeles in her Excalibur (above left). The fans know it's Chér and wave. . . . "Hey Chér." And *everybody* knows it's an extraordinarily handsome girl at the wheel—long Indian-black hair waving (this season—for the first time held in tow by a beret found in Mary Quant's New York boutique in Bloomingdale's, 59th and Lexington Avenue). And the coat for this breezy bit, creamy sheared dyed South African lamb, shirt-sleeved, zip-fronted, Mao-collared (left above), $200 at Tailored Woman, 742 Fifth Avenue. . . . There's one place Chér loves to visit on the strip. It's called "The Psychedelic Conspiracy." The décor is wildly extraordinary, imaginative (above), all blown free shapes of plastic. Chér is wearing her tunic of orange-y squirrel rumps—belted, sleeved, mini-skirted with coppery, shiny leather. $550. From Georges Kaplan Boutique, 730 Fifth Avenue. . . . There's a scene in Sonny and Chér's film *Good Times* where Sonny leaps along a vast fountain-spewed plaza. . . . Chér's leaping there (below), in her absolute out-of-sight favourite dress, Swakara Karakul lamb from South West Africa rivetted together with chrome grommets and zipped with the industrial kind. $1,500. Designed by Paco Rabanne, for Georges Kaplan Boutique, 730 Fifth Avenue. . . .



WILLOUGHBY

More on next page

VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE *Continued*









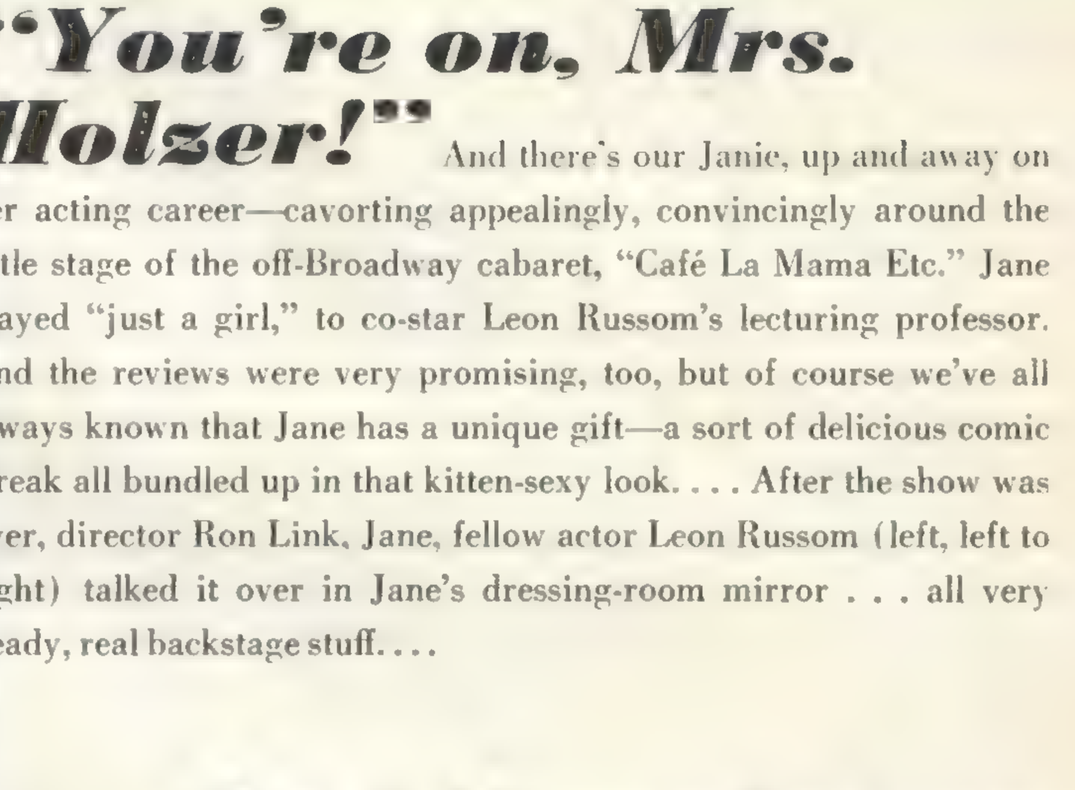


"You're on, Mrs. Holzer!"

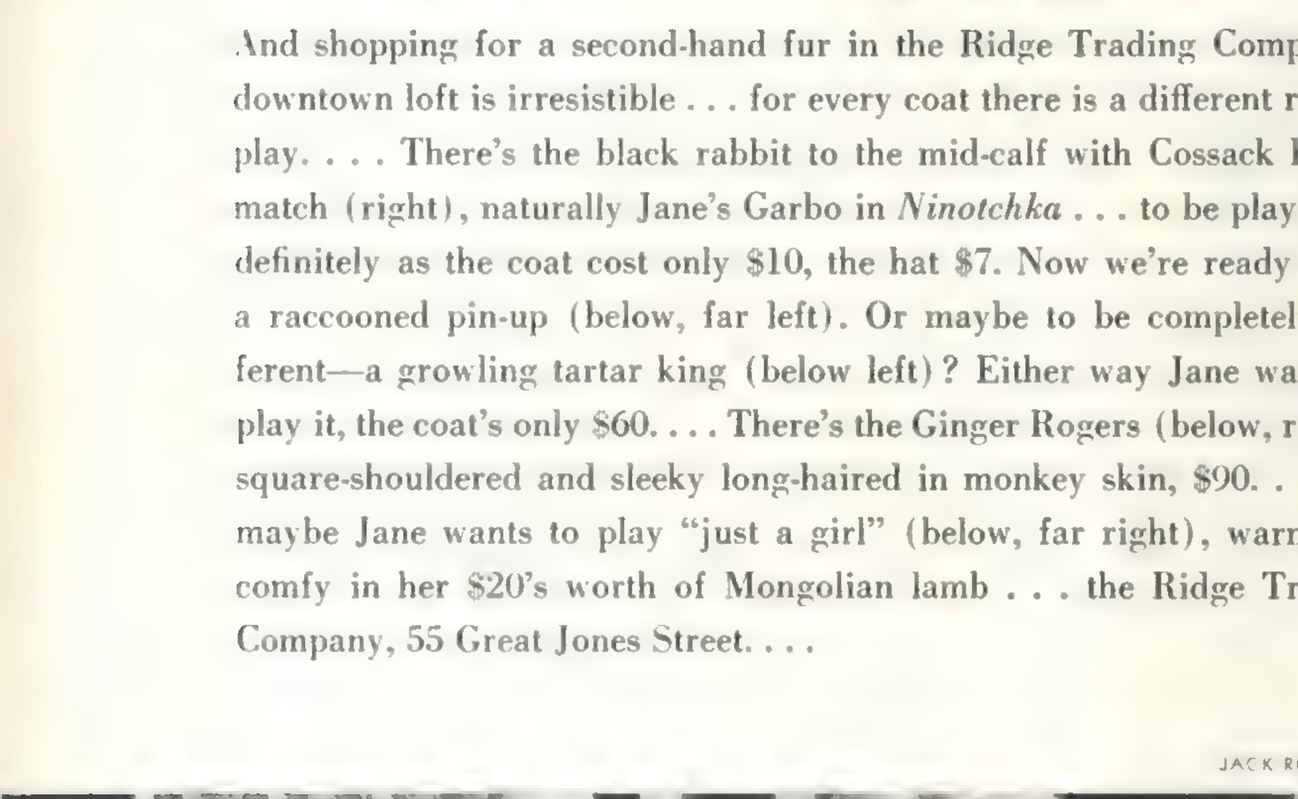
And there's our Janie, up and away on her acting career—cavorting appealingly, convincingly around the little stage of the off-Broadway cabaret, "Café La Mama Etc." Jane played "just a girl," to co-star Leon Russom's lecturing professor. And the reviews were very promising, too, but of course we've all always known that Jane has a unique gift—a sort of delicious comic streak all bundled up in that kitten-sexy look. . . . After the show was over, director Ron Link, Jane, fellow actor Leon Russom (left, left to right) talked it over in Jane's dressing-room mirror . . . all very heady, real backstage stuff. . . .

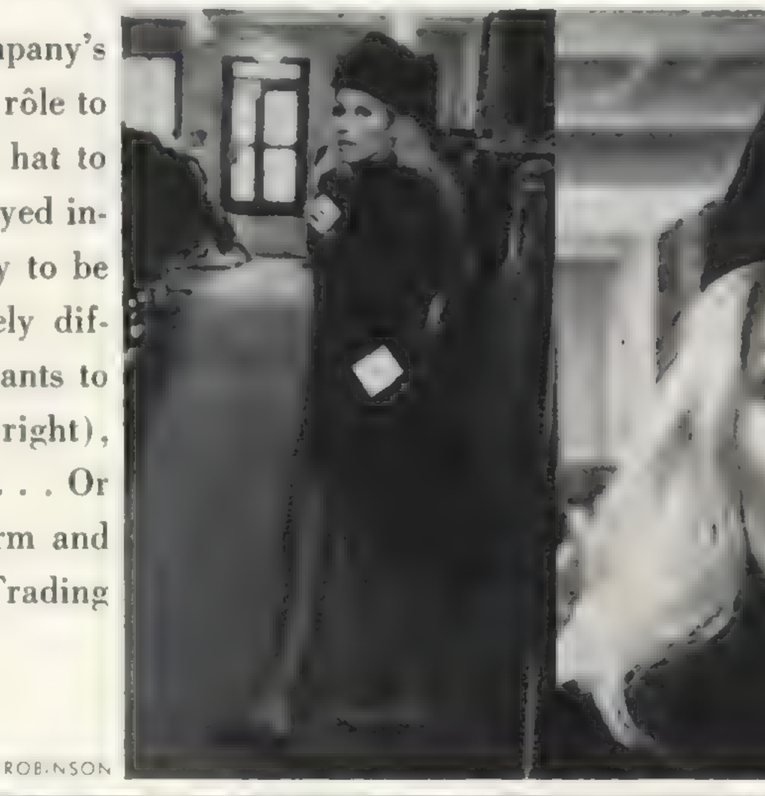
And if you're an actress like Jane, all the world's a stage.

And shopping for a second-hand fur in the Ridge Trading Company's downtown loft is irresistible . . . for every coat there is a different rôle to play. . . . There's the black rabbit to the mid-calf with Cossack hat to match (right), naturally Jane's Garbo in *Ninotchka* . . . to be played indefinitely as the coat cost only $10, the hat $7. Now we're ready to be a raccooned pin-up (below, far left). Or maybe to be completely different—a growling tartar king (below left)? Either way Jane wants to play it, the coat's only $60. . . . There's the Ginger Rogers (below, right), square-shouldered and sleeky long-haired in monkey skin, $90. . . . Or maybe Jane wants to play "just a girl" (below, far right), warm and comfy in her $20's worth of Mongolian lamb . . . the Ridge Trading Company, 55 Great Jones Street. . . .



JACK ROBINSON







Rococo Getaway

(Continued from page 218)

had been born and brought up at her American grandmother's villa near Florence. But over and above the surface charm of other young women of a similar mixed Latin and Anglo-Saxon inheritance—the ease, the golden look, the *viola da gamba* voice—there seemed something unusually placeless and timeless about her, a warm but elusive quality of her own. Her lighthearted but authentic curiosity, her equal ability to amuse herself and to be amused by others remained in the mind of those who met her then just as clearly as the classic format of her manners and her looks.

To support herself, Donna Marella worked as assistant to a well-known New York photographer. Much of her spare time was spent as an amateur *paparazza*, stalking and photographing the couples sitting on the grass in Central Park.

Little more than a year later, she married Signor Giovanni Agnelli, who at that time was approximately the most eligible bachelor in Italy, and who is now, as Chairman of the Board of the Fiat Company of Turin, one of the most important industrialists in Europe. Today it is her turn to be stalked by the *paparazzi*, to be written about and discussed.

Time has increased her sophistication; deepened not dulled her curiosity; confirmed her readiness to be amused, as well as instructed, by life. Her poise suggests comparison with a Boldini portrait. Here are the long neck of Consuelo, Duchess of Marlborough; the dashing *tournure* of Mrs. Philip Lydig; the serpentine line of Countess Zichy's waist. But Donna Marella's looks have a much closer affinity with sunlit Renaissance sculpture. She reminds one of a Donatello statue—inexplicably walking in the woods and valleys of Piedmont, or perched above the Adriatic or the Aegean in the bow of a yacht.

Not that her life is spent predominantly in conventional pleasures and the pursuit of the sun. For the greater part of each year she lives in the industrial north Italian city of Turin, for the plain reason that her husband works there. Signor Agnelli is a man of famous charm, but he is also a dedicated and competent businessman, with the minimum of time to spare for anything unconnected with his wide-ranging industrial interests.

The Casa Agnelli in Turin is a patrician residence of palazzo proportions, fully as impressive as any other of the phenomenally noble houses in that city of grandiose street fronts and gigantic colonnades. But it is in their country house, the Villa Agnelli at Villar Perosa in the foothills of the Cottian Alps, that the Agnellis are most free to live as they would wish. Each year they spend September there, and occasionally in winter they make a brief visit there on their way to or from a day's skiing at Sestriere, half an hour's drive further into the mountains.

At Villar Perosa, as in Turin, there are local duties. Signor Agnelli has been mayor of the town for more than twenty years. His wife's desk at the Villa is piled high with typewritten correspondence. But the jewel-like beauty of the house is irresistible, and it is hard to think of any European country house of comparable stature where it must be more of a temptation for its owners to live whenever they can.

Villa Agnelli was built in the early eighteenth century as a hunting lodge for Vittorio Amedeo II, Duke of Savoy and later King of Sardinia, by Filippo Juvara, the Sicilian draughtsman who worked for many years

(Continued on page 234)



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Rococo Getaway

(Continued from page 233)

as architect at the Court of Turin. Juvara's undisputed masterpiece is the former Royal *palazzina di caccia* of Stupinigi, a spectacular architectural fantasy that towers above lush meadows on the outskirts of the modern city. The remoter hunting lodge now known as the Villa Agnelli is a relatively minor work, but it is typical of Juvara nonetheless. The long interior gallery—cool as a grotto by day, sparkling at night like a magic cave—that runs from end to end of its main floor recalls his more celebrated gallery in the Palazzo Madama in Turin.

There is a tradition that the house came into the possession of the Agnelli family when a certain Captain Agnelli, an Italian officer in the Army of Napoleon, retired there after the Emperor's disastrous Russian campaign. Certainly, it already belonged to the family more than a century ago. Signor Agnelli's grandfather added a third storey to it, and built the adjacent *palazzina dei bambini:* a separate house for the children, where Signor Agnelli lived as a boy and where his own son and daughter live today. His grandmother planted many of the cedars, deodars, monkey puzzles, beeches, and conifers which have now reached their prime and are among the glories of the superbly well-tended and varied gardens.

Although the cream-and-white rococo hunting lodge in its mountain setting has a superficially theatrical air—Juvara designed stage sets in Rome before he took to designing Piedmontese palaces—both its architecture and its surroundings have an underlying robustness and rusticity, earthiness and strength.

The rococo in Italy was if anything even more fanciful than the rococo in neighbouring countries. In Piedmont such examples of the style as still exist reveal local touches in their plasterwork and painted furniture and chinoiserie. The immediate impression is one of glittering splendour, but the splendour proves to have been achieved through the use of the simplest materials.

At the Villa Agnelli, as in many of the great houses of Turin, the steps of the grand staircase consist of slabs of the coarse but durable Piedmontese grey stone. The exquisite embroideries on a number of chairs of great beauty, and on the baldachin and hangings and cover of Signor Agnelli's unique and splendid bed, are made of nothing more luxurious than coloured wools and white linen.

Like Piedmontese eighteenth-century architecture and decoration, Piedmontese country-house living in the twentieth century has a quality of its own. The Villa is a little more than an hour's drive from the heart of Turin and rather less than that from the offices of the Fiat Company. But one does not have the feeling that the Agnellis have brought Turin to Villar Perosa with them in the indefinable way in which so many contemporary French couples, for example, tend to bring Paris with them to their country houses. Nor, although they both enjoy their privacy, do they seem to live at the Villa Agnelli as though they were on an island within an island, as many of the English give the impression of doing in their country houses today.

Perhaps it is simply that the Italian countryside, although it has a notorious way of smiling at foreigners, is better known and respected by those who live in it for its less familiar, alternative personality: almost harshly serious, primitive, and intractable. Often the Alps on the horizon are indistinguishable from the dark clouds that wreathe them. The September sun can sting, but something in the air constantly hints that snow has fallen on the peaks and will eventually fall in the valley.

The Villa Agnelli was damaged by bombs in the last war. Five years ago, Donna Marella Agnelli set about restoring and re-embellishing it and making it suitable for contemporary habitation.

Donna Marella employed local artisans as well as international experts. The ground floor, originally used for stabling horses, was converted into a series of convenient living rooms, which have been handsomely but simply furnished. Many priceless examples of eighteenth-century Piedmontese furniture, which had been stored for decades in the cellars, have been reinstalled in the enchanting enfilade of rococo rooms on the main floor.

Local craftsmen have copied the traditional *Bandera* embroideries, to replace such pieces as were worn out. An eighteenth-century painted chinoiserie paper was brought from a house, now demolished, near Turin to cover the walls of a newly created *salettino cinese.*

In the rose gardens, the roses are red or pink, and the dahlias massed on the terraces are all pink or red or yellow or orange. Their bright colours were chosen to offset the prevalence of grey-green in the house as in the landscape. Their species were chosen because they thrive particularly well in the locality, and because they are at their best in the particular month when the house is in daily use. "If you want to see us," Donna Marella has said to friends, "come to Villar Perosa in September. The house will be filled with pyramids of flowers. We shall be living there with the children. It is a place where everyone is happy."

If those who know Donna Marella Agnelli share her happiness, it is largely because she so innocently and intelligently shares theirs. It is a rare thing for a woman to have gained her heart's desire, but an even rarer thing for her to live so becomingly with it.

Israel

(Continued from page 193)

greetings, and disappeared into that strange sand sea. I remarked that they seemed very few, very young, and very alone, an observation which Uri found foolish.

The desert sky at night is all that fiction and travel ads say it is: brilliant stars and even an outsize full moon against black velvet. The real charm of the desert night is that the flies go to sleep. Fly-free and filthy, we sat in a captured Egyptian trailer and ate a midnight snack provided by the beautiful colonel commanding this vast area of sand. Like Uri, he was a sabra and spoke sabra English, a language learned in school, heavy on the r's because Hebrew is, and fascinating in construction.

Perhaps they are all shy with this foreign tongue; or perhaps, simply, they are as talkative as Vermont farmers. Someone, enquiring doubtfully about Sherman tanks, must have warmed the colonel to speech. Sherman tanks are U.S. World War II stuff, practically Model-T in military hardware, but the Israelis have added improvements of their own and think highly of them. "Our boys are very good snipers with tanks," the colonel explained. A sniper usually employs a rifle. "Yes, I mean they know well to snipe with tank guns. We had here a very very good boy, Shalom Cohen. He shot twenty Egyptian tanks. The General is proud on Shalom Cohen."

Shalom (Peace) Cohen, it developed, was twenty or twenty-one. We wanted to see this hero. Shalom Cohen had returned to his kibbutz, naturally. "He has to work," the colonel said, "he must collect the fruits from the trees." What Kibbutz? "I don't know," said the colonel. "There are a hundred Shalom Cohens in our kibbutzim. Ask the Defence Ministry in Tel Aviv, someone will find." But weren't they going to give Shalom Cohen a medal? "Of course not. We have no medals in our army." Everyone who takes part in war gets a campaign ribbon, the same ribbon whether Shalom Cohen or the Commander-in-Chief or a cook at an army base. For such accomplishment and valour as Shalom Cohen's, roaming the desert alone and sniping enemy tanks, there will be a citation, no doubt mailed to Shalom Cohen wherever he is: a piece of paper he can frame if he wants to and hang on the wall of his modest kibbutz room.

No one will even think of a citation for the combat engineers we saw in a minefield on the Syrian hills. They had had no release from this deadly work since the war began. On hands and knees, equipped with a hunting knife and what looked like a long iron fork, they prodded and patted the earth to find buried mines. There is no other way to locate plastic-covered mines, and if your hand is too heavy in the wrong place, you detonate the mine.

These men are all volunteers: no one can be ordered into a minefield. But as the student from the Haifa Technical School said, "Someone has to do it. If I refuse it must be another man. No one refuses. We are well considered in the army, as if parachutists." The anonymous pilots who knocked out the Arab air forces have gone back to their usual civilian jobs or returned without fanfare to their workaday life on the bases.

No names, no stories in the papers, no welcome-home for the heroes in towns and villages and kibbutzim, no victory celebrations: A non-militarist army suits an anti-militarist nation. Immediately after this lightning war, many of us—the world's press, photographers, TV and movie teams, representatives of the communications industry—were guessing and gossiping about an Israeli secret weapon. The secret weapon of Israel is Israelis.



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Harold Pinter

(Continued from page 194)

in London. The critics soon changed tack, and *The Caretaker*, first done in 1960, assured the Pinters some financial security. It was followed by a number of television and radio plays and in 1965 by a third full-length play, *The Homecoming*, which later won the Critics' award for the best Broadway play of its season. In the later plays Pinter has extended his obsession with a couple of men confronting each other in a confined space by adding a woman and even stronger sexual overtones.

The Pinters moved eventually to a bow-fronted house in the seaside town of Worthing; and, recently, on the strength of his vastly successful film scripts —among them *The Servant*, *The Pumpkin Eater*, and *Accident*— they bought a five-storey period house overlooking London's Regent's Park. It is comfortably and elegantly decorated by the Pinters. They have one son, Daniel, who is nine.

My researches had brought me not much closer to Pinter. The next step seemed more auspicious. It was a conversation with the loquacious Liverpool playwright Alun Owen, who shared a dressing room and acted with Pinter in London.

"Harold is the most honest man I know and the most scrupulous observer of the truth. But things do happen strangely to Harold. He's a very emotional writer, with a very private vision.

"We were both acting and writing verse when we first met, though we were mainly concerned with the price of a pint. I remember that ferocious old autocrat Donald Wolfit, in whose company we were, casting Harold as the tailor in *The Taming of the Shrew*. 'Of course, Pinter,' he said, 'the tailor stammers.'

PINTER: I don't stammer, Mr. Wolfit.

WOLFIT: Nonsense, the tailor always stammers, it's traditional.

PINTER: I'm sorry, I don't see it that way.

WOLFIT: You stammer Pinter, or you lose the part!

"Harold lost the part, but for days after Wolfit could be heard mumbling to himself in the wings, 'Pinter won't stammer!' Harold launched a war of nerves on poor Wolfit, and at the end of the season, Wolfit complained: 'Only one member of the company didn't say goodbye to me, the boy Pinter. But *he* writes poetry.'

"Harold was very popular with the girls. When he met Vivien he had to get rid of a number of ladies. He's not a puritan, but he's not licentious. I saw him recently wearing a black silk shirt. It was elaborately camp without being homosexual. He's very socially assured. He'd never pick up the wrong knife, and if he did he'd make you feel *you* were using the wrong one.

"Harold can be very violent. Once, in a Sloane Square bar a bowler-hatted chap was saying something about Hitler being right. This man turned to Harold and said 'I suppose you're a filthy yid yourself.' Harold took off his glasses and said, 'You shouldn't say that.' The man said it again, and Harold hit him, gashed his face. Then he hit Harold, whereupon Harold went for him and knocked him all over the bar. The police came. When things calmed down, this bloke said to Harold, '*Are* you a Jew?' He said yes, and the other fellow said curiously, 'In that case I can understand why you hit me. But why did you go *on* hitting me?'

"Harold is straight down the line. You could argue that his work was up a dead end with *The Homecoming*, although I don't feel that myself—but you couldn't say it was phony."

I had felt some of the same doubt about *The Homecoming*, as if it were so perfect an example of the sum of Pinter's work that it had died the death, so compressed and elliptical at times that one lost the sense. The thing to do might be to recap, to isolate some of the ingredients of the other plays.

These ingredients are nearly always a struggle for territory or conversational ascendancy. His first plays all take place in confined and seedy environments. In the first play, *The Room*, the security is shattered by a violent intrusion that ends in death. Stanley in *The Birthday Party*, the mild self-styled concert pianist who finds a retreat under his landlady's roof, is menaced by two sinister outsiders, who come to humiliate and finally take him away. In neither case is the intrusion fully explained. A room is still the pivot of *The Caretaker*, but there is no outside menace, only a clash of personalities within. An old tramp thinks he's found a safe place to hole up, plays off his hosts against each other, and is finally thrown out. Here the characters —especially Mick, the younger brother, whom Pinter once played himself—are totally and uncompromisingly themselves, creating their own circumstances.

Pinter has said of his preoccupation with a confined space, "Before you manage to adjust yourself to living alone in your room, you're not really terribly fit and equipped to go out to fight battles." I add that Pinter spent his early years as a travelling actor for whom finding a place to bed down was a weekly, sometimes a nightly, hazard. (An actor friend recalls overhearing him—out of work and penniless—confidently explaining how to set about buying a house.)

A room is also a useful dramatic prop. Pinter has admitted that he's not very good at complicated theatrical devices: "I find myself stuck with these characters who are either sitting or standing, and they've either got to walk out of a door, or come in through a door, and that's about all they can do."

In the later plays the setting becomes decidedly smarter: offices and upper-middle-class apartments of the kind in which he set *The Collection*, a perfect example of a play based on suspense and manoeuvring for position. Did or did not Stella, a dress designer, commit adultery? The answer is maddeningly unrevealed.

With this change of background, Pinter introduces a new emphasis on sex. *The Lover* is an erotic charade. *Tea Party* (another television play) is a study of an industrialist disintegrating under the pressures of self-deception. In both, sexual games and fetishistic objects like high

heels, leather, and special costumes spice the confrontation (and nearly always the woman has been played by Vivien Merchant, a hypnotically sensual actress).

But the effects are sometimes overexposed. What sticks in the memory are his meaty, very vocalized, often very funny, and beautifully loquacious characters. Between what they are and what they aspire to is a world of wishful thinking. Stan in *The Birthday Party* imagines a world concert tour. Goldberg, in the same play, a boastful predator, sentimentalizes his childhood. Funniest of all, the crass and domineering Max in *The Homecoming*, who is all that's wrong with the patriarch: "I respected my father not only as a man but as a number-one butcher! And to prove it I followed him into the shop. I learned to carve a carcass at his knee. I commemorated his name in blood. I gave birth to three grown men! All on my own bat."

Not since Eliot's "Sweeney Agonistes" has anyone picked up the nuances of English suburban speech so accurately.

Pinter's characters repeat themselves, go round in circles, and at all costs avoid direct communication. They say anything but what they mean, in order to avoid the danger of being found out. So sparse is communication in Pinter's movie script for *Accident* and in much of *The Homecoming* that the audience is in danger of losing touch. He is excessively fond of long pauses. (Peter Cook of *Beyond the Fringe* recalls a revue, *Pieces of Eight*, for which he and Pinter wrote sketches. The writers were paid according to the length of their contributions, and Cook would sit in the stalls listening enviously as Pinter's pauses ticked by—"Every second was money in the bank for Harold.")

The day before I met Pinter I came across the following in a British weekly: ". . . he's not leading me up any garden, he's not slipping me any wink, he's not flogging me a remedy or a path or a revelation or a basinful of breadcrumbs, he's not selling me anything I don't want to buy, he doesn't give a bollock whether I buy or not, he hasn't got his hand over his heart. Well, I'll buy his goods, hook, line, and sinker, because he leaves no stone unturned and no maggot lonely. He brings forth a body of beauty. His work is beautiful." A total commitment to Samuel Beckett by Harold Pinter.

When we met in Brighton, I showed Pinter the quotation. "I couldn't write that now," he said regretfully, "because I distrust words. What I feel about them is almost a kind of nausea. But that is everything I feel about Beckett. When I was young, I wrote long poems in the style of Dylan Thomas. I used words with considerable freedom. I came across one or two poems the other day and felt a profound nostalgia for the way I could let words rip."

I had gone to Brighton on one of those bright seaside days that smell of oysters and ozone. Earlier that morning I'd watched Pinter rehearsing Robert Shaw's *The Man in the Glass Booth*, standing in the front row of the stalls, very cool and meticulous in a silk jersey roll-top sweater pushed back over thick forearms, a Scotch-on-the-rocks in hand.

At lunch in a nearby fish restaurant where we'd gone to talk, Pinter continued: "I edit myself so much I can't write anything. My only fixed plans are to go over to New York for the production of *The Birthday Party* and to write the screenplay which a young American wants to direct. Otherwise I've called a halt on films, though I've been offered at least a dozen. Both Antonioni and Godard were trying to persuade me to work for them. But I just want to clear the air. There is one film I'd do like a shot, only there are problems over the rights. It's L. P. Hartley's *The Go-Between*. I loved that bloody book."

We walked to Pinter's hotel suite in a crenellated English seaside palace called The Metropole. From the windows, as we talked, came sounds of squealing bathers and the glare of early afternoon sun. "I was a morbid youth," Pinter said smiling broadly. "But I had a remarkably enjoyable association with five other boys. It was a great relief, I remember, that they knew what I was on about. Ruthless mutual confrontations. Out of that group two have remained my closest friends.

"Other friends are theatre people like Robert Shaw and Donald Pleasence. But I live a pretty closed life. I sit and talk to my wife a great deal in the kitchen. We're pretty tight as a family. People don't come round except by specific invitation. Nobody just rings the door and comes in. There's a secretary in the morning and two dailies, but no living-in staff. (He snaps his fingers and rips off his glasses): At one o'clock—that's the point—we're alone.

"Daniel, my son, is a very intelligent fellow. I like him very much. What can I say about him? He's himself. He's a great joy." (Nobody I have met before can say, "He's a great joy," with such convincing and innocent candour.)

We drink a lot of coffee and Pinter paces up and down. I return to Beckett: "The finest prose writer living." And who else does he admire? "Albee, and young English playwrights like Edward Bond and the late Joe Orton. I like the Beatles, I'm very fond of them. And cricket. That obsesses me. I like Yeats, and Larkin, and Hardy—I read them aloud. (He demonstrates this by reading a poem of Thomas Hardy's.)

"I'll tell you what I've just done. I've got this book on Francis Bacon, a big bloody book with a lot of paintings, and since I don't know where to look for the originals, and I couldn't afford them, I've cut out and framed about sixteen reproductions. I'm going to stick them all over the house."

And health and happiness? "I'm very rarely ill. I use a stationary bicycle, which is useful because you can read at the same time. Happy? I am happy. But at once sad. At—you know the passing."

I asked him what he wanted to write next. "I hate to be categorical especially about my own work because I know very little about it. But I've got a feeling that I can never again deal with a room and people who come

(Continued on page 245)



VOGUE'S DECORATING FINDS AND IDEAS FOR

FASHIONS IN LIVING

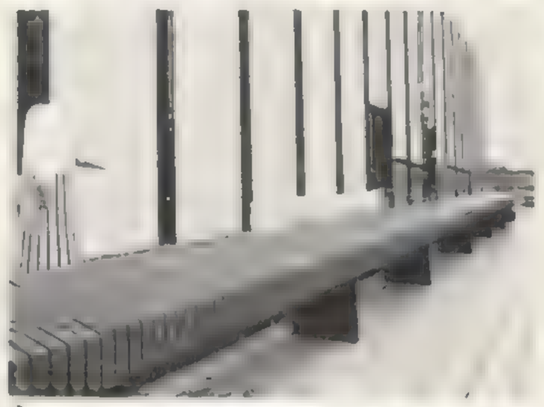
Expo '67 scrapbook . . . ideas for the once and future house



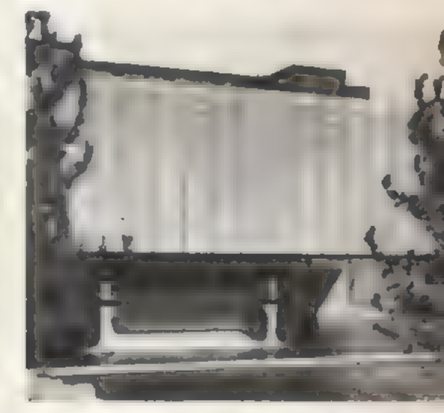
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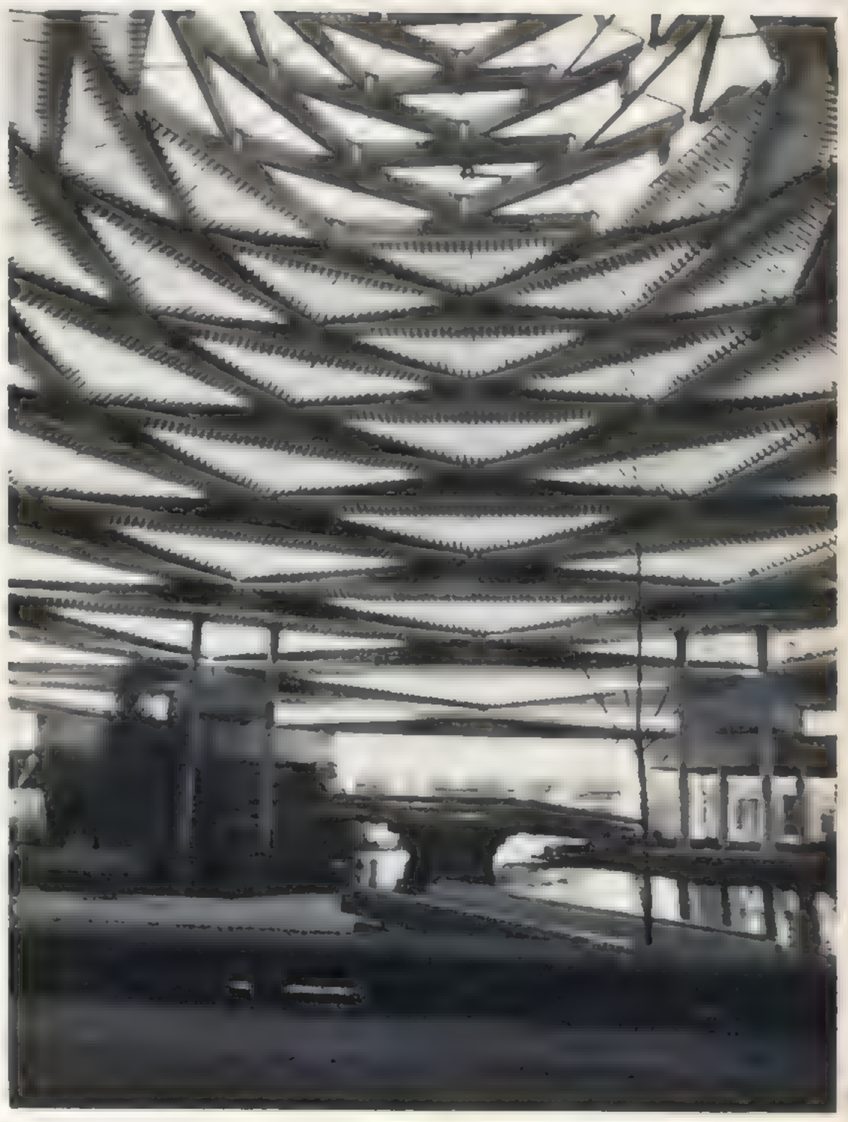
OLGA GUEFT

Architecture Expo's total environment . . . its pools, gardens, pavilions, its audio-visual excitements . . . is a global round-up of ideas certain to change *our* lives. Three talented young New Yorkers, Mica Ertegun and Chessie Rayner of Mac II, interiors, and Robin Butler are already planning translations. For example: 1. Korean Pavilion . . . deeply latticed wood ceiling with triangular clerestory windows. 2. Czech Pavilion . . . roof terrace smartly striped in red, white, black; the bird sculpture is for children to climb. 3. Quebec Pavilion . . . Slanting Solargray glass walls reflect by day, are transparent at night. 4. Man & His Environment Pavilion . . . plastic and fir lattice roof casts filigrees of light and shadow.



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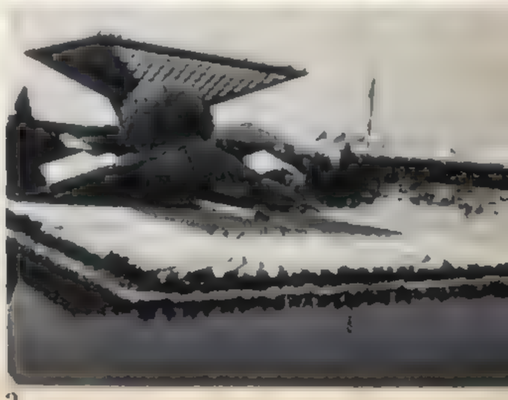
Gardens 1. Indian Pavilion . . . low wooden platforms on a pebbled floor hold potted plants and objects, clay wall panels are brightly painted. 2. Japanese Pavilion . . . a water garden with white pebble island, rocks, clumps of bloom to be changed often. 3. Lakeside Pavilion . . . a witty pool-side shelter of canvas triangles laced to metal supports. Natural wood seats stretch between white concrete fins.

Patterns for Floors 1. Algerian Pavilion . . . pattern-on-pattern . . . a navy-bordered gold and white tile rug set into a blue and white tile floor. Translation? A rug on vinyl tiles, an area rug over a big rug. Note fur-covered cube seats. 2. Uganda Pavilion . . . massed woven straw plates hang from a translucent lighted ceiling making a ravishing pattern for tiles, a rug or even wallpaper. 3. Canadian Provinces Stadium . . . bold black and white op-patterned pavement to translate into vinyl or a rug . . . creates a space-making illusion. Not shown: . . . the contemporary look of handmade traditional quilts in the United States Pavilion. Still being made to order, their designs might also inspire rugs or tiles.

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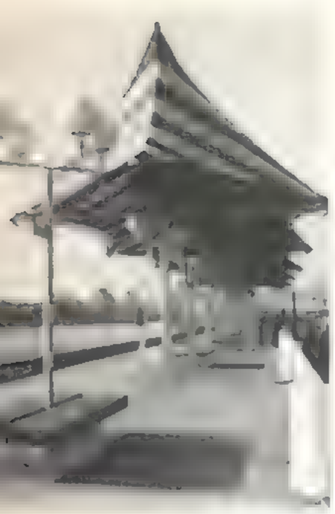




3

Lights... Umbrellas

1. Expo Express Station . . . amusingly shaped plum-and-white striped canvas umbrellas, clusters of milk glass light globes might shelter and light a garden anywhere. 2. Canadian Pulp & Paper Pavilion . . . an evergreen forest of painted plywood roofs . . . a clutch of lights shooting beams into scoop-like reflectors . . . an amber plastic umbrella here sheltering a softly lighted telephone booth . . . all these, ideas with great potential for gardens of the future.



1



2



Displaying Collections

1. Czech Pavilion . . . ingeniously hung children's paintings, like a little forest in one corner. Each picture has a curved plywood backing to snap around a steel ceiling-to-floor rod . . . so rearranging paintings becomes child's play. 2. U. S. Pavilion . . . like free-standing walls under the geodesic dome, canvas banners stretch between steel rods, display paintings . . . instant architecture. 3. U. S. again: wooden duck decoys hang on black nylon cords, perch on glass shelves . . . a smashing display of simple objects. 4. Ivory Coast Pavilion . . . parquet wall in blocks of two-tone wood stripes is interrupted here and there by shelves to hold objects or sculpture. Other pavilions arrange interestingly massed solid blocks or clear plastic shapes with lighted objects displayed on or inside of them.



1

2



3

4

Moulded Furniture

Here, in the French Pavilion: two new furniture concepts by young French designers. Below: Roger Legrand's basic plywood U-shaped units bolt together to make chairs, tables, bookcases . . . these in natural pale wood with black cushions. Note the vertical blinds, bold parquet floor. Right: Roger Tallon's lightweight, moulded fiberglass stacking chairs, go indoors or out, have pierced seats for quick drying. Note the awning made of steel strips.



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Patchouli

(Continued from page 185)

easy women are glimpsed sitting high in their glittering daumonts or calèches, under doll-like parasols, their cambric handkerchiefs and pouting bosoms drenched in patchouli. Some of the charmers are known as *lionnes;* they adopt men's clothes, carry canes, and impudently smoke cigars. Their hair is frizzed and tousled, manelike, and dyed a violent orange; but patchouli conquers the cigar smoke, for it is a powerful, all-pervading scent—with erotic or aphrodisiac connotations, too, it is believed. Both sides of the Channel reek of patchouli at this moment. In the "flash cribs" of the Haymarket, such as Kate Hamilton's night house, like the Maison Tellier of the provinces, the Faubourg, or that Belgravia which Eugène Lami drew, where languid ladies fan themselves under the great chandeliers, or are handed into their emblazoned family coaches for a Drawing Room at Buckingham Palace—patchouli prevails. Its perfume rises from old billheads, billets-doux, and the pages of contemporary memoirs.

These nineteenth-century women knew their business—the business of pleasing—and perfumes were first among their wiles. Among the hetaerae of the demimonde it was of prime importance. In mid-Victorian London, "Sweet Nelly Fowler" was one of the most sought-after of the pretty horsebreakers who cantered up and down Rotten Row, falling to the highest bidder. "Sweet Nelly Fowler" boasted a natural perfume so delicate, so universally admired that her suitors paid large sums of money for her to keep their handkerchiefs about her person or under her pillow, for upon being returned to them they remained exquisitely redolent.

The muslin-hung dressing tables of the age were overcrowded with cut-glass, gold-stoppered scent bottles, and pomade pots, a pungent *batterie de beauté*: Dix Pétales de Roses, Bouquet de la Néva, Mimosa Esterhazy, Poudre de Cygne, Lait des Perles, Stephanotis, and, of course. Patchouli. We read of one siren's four hundred and thirty-six pairs of scented glacé kid gloves, in all shades of lemon, gris perle, lavender, and ivoire, buttoned and tasselled, and all scented with patchouli. Gloves were then worn indoors as well as in the street—a second skin; it was de rigueur for them to be so moulded that the nail was clearly defined. In violent contrast, some of the grandes cocottes, as audacious as vicious, were occasionally served up without any trimmings. Cora Pearl, the English strumpet, queen of the demimonde, lay sumptuously naked on a chaise longue, surrounded by a silent circle of admirers gathered there as audience, rather than participators.

But naked or clothed, patchouli is her aura, as Offenbach is her music. From faraway, carried on the evening breeze, we hear the overture to *La Belle Hélène,* or a polka from *La Vie Parisienne,* being played at the Bal Mabille, or a café concert along the Champs-Élysées, conducted by an unknown young musician, Richard Wagner (who himself is addicted to strong perfumes). To Paris he is just a German bandleader; the glories of *Siegfried* are yet to come, barely stirring in his brain. . . . He raises his baton, and we hear the kick-up folly of the cancan, or one of those tearaway polkas or redowas which have made Offenbach the rage—as much the rage as patchouli.

But at last the winds of change blow through the lace-hung boudoirs and along the Bois, scattering the chestnut leaves and rattling at the shutters of Compiègne, the Imperial château, deserted since the French army fell at Sedan. The Court, with those ladies who followed the Empress, shuttling between Compiègne, and the Tuileries, and Trouville (where Boudin painted them, on the beach, muffled against the sea breezes in voluminous shawls), have abandoned Paris, gone to earth, during the uneasy days of the Commune. on their estates. Life has changed, fashions have changed. Shawls have fallen from favour and are worn only by drabs or old ladies, and at last are not worn at all, lying discarded and moth-eaten, in second-hand rag shops, yet still breathing a ghostly odour of their heyday.

Patchouli shares their decline, falling from favour till it too becomes associated only with vulgarity. As morals straighten, so perhaps its aphrodisiac associations hasten its disgrace. "A reek of patchouli" became the cliché by which lesser novelists evoked a third-rate ambience. Perfume—almost any kind, had become bad style. Makeup, too, was out. "Nice" women contented themselves with eau de cologne and a dab of rice powder. But they continued to scent their rooms with potpourri, of which patchouli was an ingredient, among the orrisroot and dried flower petals. A lighter kind of potpourri, home-produced, like the best hams, was the mark of a well-run house.

At the turn of the century, with the establishment of organic chemistry, the whole range of synthetic perfumes was devised and became the fashion. But patchouli, although for so many years forgotten by the public, remained a valuable ingredient in the manufacture of many kinds of perfumes, a substance treasured and sought by the perfume industry. It is obtained from India, Haiti, the Seychelles, and Indonesia. With the curious rhythm of supply and demand, no sooner was the Far Eastern market disrupted by the ravages of war—which made the importation of patchouli essential oil, or its dried leaves, extremely difficult, their prices soaring—than a sudden, inex-

plicable surge of interest was manifested.

Patchouli began to be demanded for itself—as an unadulterated perfume, tout court. Perfume brokers—I find it hard to believe that so volatile a product as scent could have brokers—now tell of pressing demands for it. But they offer no explication. Perhaps I can.

Surely, this shows a subconscious urge on the part of women towards an exotic perfume which complements the exotic trend of today's fashion. At this moment, western women have never appeared more extravagantly exotic, or Oriental, in the caftans and harem trousers, turbaned and adorned with barbaric jewellery, gilded nails, and all the painted seductions of the harem. Patchouli, the pucha-pat of the East, is in fact more suited to this mood than to the crinolines and corsets of the nineteenth century. . . . Or could its aphrodisiac legend have something to do with its resurgence? Since *pleasing* has always been women's business, reviving patchouli as their perfume, wearing it, or using it about their houses, they might be said to be minding their own business, a most desirable state of affairs.

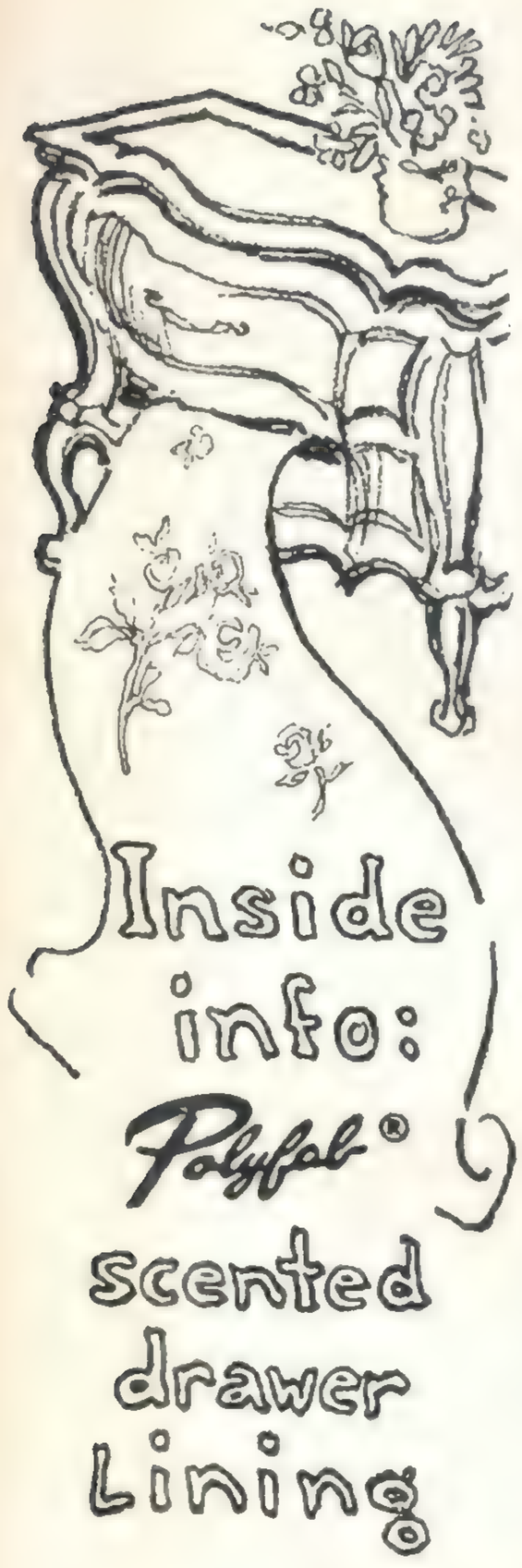
Notes on patchouli—how to use, where to find

Patchouli, fallen India idol of perfumery, wafts again into respectability. Today, it's most charming as a sachet to place in linen closets, in drawers, to tuck in the corners of upholstered furniture so that the fragrance pours out into the warmth of a room. It must be a heady scent, of a strength to take the place of three perfume burners, a scent which asserts, allures, seduces.

A great beauty, who often uses patchouli pure, gives this sachet recipe with the non-measured nonchalance of a good cook: "First it is put in muslin bags, then covered in silk. Sometimes I put with it Mary Chess's Kentucky Spice or Potpourri, or any sachet I happen to have in the house or have taken a fancy to." The point is, of course, that she achieves an individual scent, a fragrance that is her own.

The base of the sachet mixture, or what amounts to a patchouli potpourri, is the dried patchouli stems and leaves. To this you add the patchouli essential oil much as you add dressing to a salad. You may add other perfume oils to the base "salad" of patchouli—the final effect will be one of patchouli plus any odds and ends of scents that are pleasing to you. (The fragrance of the leafy twigs, like that of any perfumed leaves or petals, will pale, and needs to be freshened with more oils occasionally to maintain the desired level of pungency.) Sew the mixture into little muslin or cheesecloth bags, pack it loosely in a perforated container so air can circulate through it—a potpourri jar is perfect.

Caswell-Massey Co. Ltd., at 518 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10017, has virgin patchouli leaves and essential oil. Mary Chess Inc., at 106 East 57th Street, New York, N. Y. 10022, has patchouli leaves to which have been added scented oils. Both stores will also fill mail orders. Two perfumes with strong notes of patchouli are Kenneth's Ramu and Lanvin's Rumeur, both of which are also available as colognes. Some people also like Caswell-Massey's men's cologne and toilet water called, appropriately, Patchouly.



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TO ENROLL: read the Prix de Paris rules on the opposite page. Then fill out the blank below (or a copy of it) and mail it by October 20, 1967, at the very latest, to the Prix de Paris Director.

TO COMPETE: complete the quiz on the opposite page and send your paper to the Prix de Paris Director by October 20, 1967, at the very latest. If you qualify after this quiz, you will be notified that you are eligible for the final thesis.

Mail to the Prix de Paris Director, Vogue, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York, New York 10017

Name _____ College _____ What Degree _____

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Prix de Paris Quiz

Answer ALL questions in this section.

1. Write a profile of yourself. *(500 words or less)*

2. Write a beauty biography of yourself or someone you know well. Include full details about looks, diet, exercise (and this may mean tennis or swimming rather than more formal exercise routines), makeup, hair, fragrance, et cetera. If you think it relevant, name specific products used. *(400 words or less)*

3. Describe three things in your present wardrobe that you love to own, love to wear. Then choose three fashions shown in August 1 Vogue that you would urge next year's seniors to own and wear; state briefly the reasons for your choices. *(200 words or less)*

Answer THREE questions in this section.

4. Suggest three names you think would be right for the full-page photograph and caption for Vogue's "People Are Talking About..." feature. Explain who each person is, why he or she is of current interest. *(300 words or less)*

5. Has the Twiggy-Mia Farrow look turned up on your campus? What was the reaction—the general reaction, as well as your own. *(100 words or less)*

6. Write a travel column for "Vogue's Notebook" about your home town, or your college town, or a place you've seen and loved. *(200 words or less)*

7. You are a copywriter assigned to prepare a fashion advertisement for a store to run in its local newspaper. Select any fashion from the editorial pages of August 1 Vogue as the one to be advertised, and designate the page on which it appears. Write a headline for the advertisement and appropriate copy.

Prix de Paris Rules

1. Each entrant must be graduated during the scholastic year 1967-1968, but prior to September 1968, and must receive the Bachelor of Arts degree or its equivalent from a college or university within the United States.

2. Each entrant must send in the entrance blank on the facing page, or reasonable facsimile thereof, by October 20, 1967.

3. No entrant may be in any way connected with The Condé Nast Publications Inc., nor related to any of its employees.

4. There will be a first- and second-place winner. The first-place winner will receive a year's job with Vogue as a Junior Editor and will accompany the Vogue Editors to Paris to cover one of the Paris Collections during this year. The second-place winner will receive a six-months' job with Vogue as a Junior Editor. There will be ten Honourable Mention winners, each of whom will receive a $50 United States Savings Bond and top consideration for jobs on any Condé Nast magazine.

5. The 27th Prix de Paris consists of a quiz to be answered by all contestants, and a thesis which those who pass the quiz will be eligible to submit. Each entrant who is eligible to submit a thesis will be notified by Vogue by December 18, 1967.

6. Quiz and thesis will require answers to questions on fashion and beauty, and on non-fashion subjects (books, movies, art, theatre, music, personalities, et cetera).

7. The quiz appears here. Answers are due on October 20, 1967. Subjects for the thesis will be published in the January 1, 1968 issue of Vogue. The thesis will be due on February 5, 1968. Although questions in the quiz and thesis are editorial in nature and are based in part on material appearing in Vogue, it is not necessary to subscribe to the magazine to enter the competition.

8. Papers will be graded on writing ability, grasp of subject, general intelligence, originality, and demonstration of special talents.

9. All material submitted must be typewritten double-spaced on one side of the page, on paper not larger than 8½ by 11 inches. Your name, plus the quiz and question numbers, must appear at the top of each page. Please number each page. All material submitted becomes the property of The Condé Nast Publications Inc. and will not be returned.

10. The judges of the competition will be a board of Vogue Editors, and their decision will be final. Any dispute that may arise as a result of the determination of the contest shall be adjudicated solely under the laws of the State of New York. Judges reserve the right to hold personal interviews with the finalists before selecting winners. Winners of Vogue's 27th Prix de Paris will be notified by April 15, 1968.

Harold Pinter

(Continued from page 239)

into it, not in the same way as I did in *The Homecoming*, though I'm very fond of that play."

What about the accusation that it is full of gamesmanship? "The game is the least of it. What takes place is a mode of expression, a chosen device. It's the way the characters face each other under the game that interests me. The woman is not a nymphomaniac as some critics claimed. In fact she's not very sexy. She's in a kind of despair which gives her a kind of freedom. Certain facts like marriage and the family for this woman have clearly ceased to have any meaning.

"But I only formulate conclusions after I've written the plays. I've no idea what I'm obsessed with—just so pleased to see the words on paper! Wolf Mankowitz suggested I look at the Greeks for a subject. So I've been meaning to look at the Greeks. But I'm just not capable of it. I can only proceed through my own curious funnel. I'm not politically committed though I've recently associated myself publicly with two causes: I'm categorically anti the Americans in Viet Nam. And I feel strongly in favour of Israel.

"As for the work, I started something last year in Boston, but that was no bloody good. I'd done it before. Now I've started a couple of pages of something quite different. A new form, and I'm diving. It's simply, as it stands, about a woman around fifty. And she's talking. That's all I bloody well know. I don't know where she is. Certainly it's not a room. So the characters can't open a door and come in, but I think they're there.

"I'm very excited by the stage, and I still want to write for it. It's physically restricted and very naked; and whatever the next thing is I write, it's got to be even more naked than the last.

"I'm very irritated by the assumption that the theatre is finished," said Harold Pinter snapping his fingers, and whipping off his glasses. "It is *not* finished while *I* am alive."

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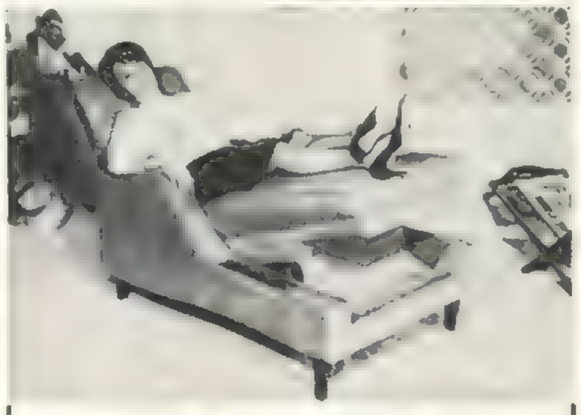
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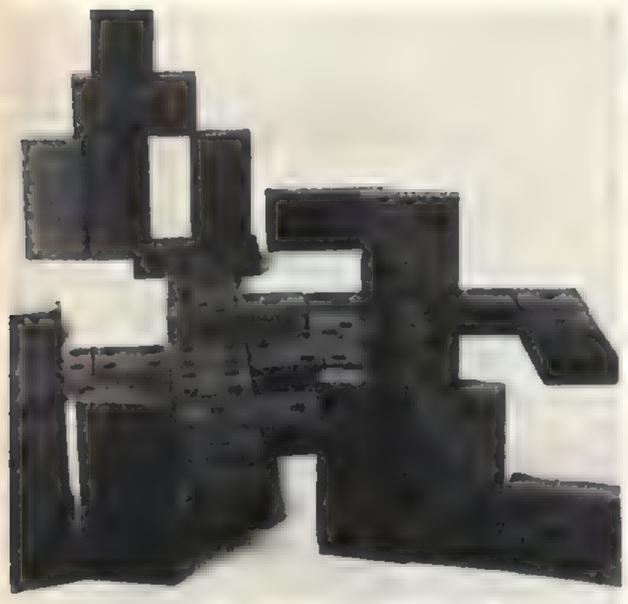
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Saddlebag pockets on a caramel-coloured shoulder-strap bag and suitcase. Khaki hemp trimming and straps. The safari look in luggage designed by Bill Blass for Wings. Shoulder bag, $30; suitcase, $50; duffel bag (not shown), $60. Altman's, Fifth Avenue and 34th Street, New York 10016.



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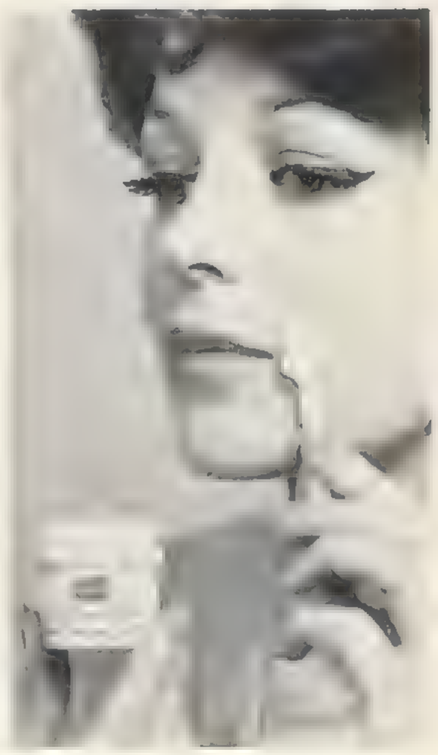


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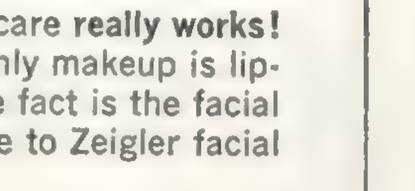
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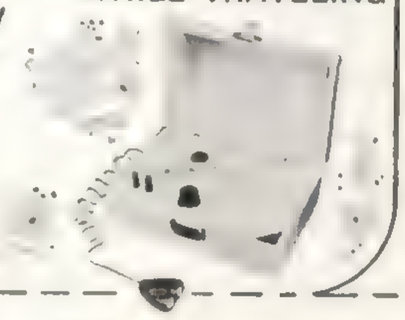
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Paintings in a Paper Bag

A short story
by George Bradshaw

I have a friend who is a smuggler and, like all smugglers, he has his anxious moments.

His name is Edward Alexander—or that is what we will call him—he is in his early thirties, the prime of life, a healthy cadaverous man, quite tall, with a lean face, a wide thin mouth, black hair and black eyelashes.

Let me make a point of those eyelashes, because they surround clear cobalt-blue eyes, a most fortunate circumstance, for the effect produced is one of entire innocence. He is a handsome fellow but not ostentatiously so, no more than good breeding or the *look* of good breeding would allow. I say "look" because I don't suppose he comes from any long line of blood or money, probably plenty of vitamins in his youth accounts for it.

People like him. I don't think this is altogether due to the air of innocence—there are other reasons, he is quite funny for example—but the innocence does suggest a certain vulnerability, and that is a quality which women, even young women, find almost impossible to resist. So his success with them, to put it baldly, is enormous. But men like him too, which is certainly a tribute to his charm, for if there is one reason more than another for a man to dislike a man, it is success with women.

He is not yet married. This is possibly due to the fact that he lives most of the time in Europe, and American women, being on tour, are not so adamant there; and European women, just generally, are not so astounded at the phenomenon of bachelorhood. He has a flat in Paris, not because he likes a flat any better than a hotel, but because no one can get a flat in Paris, and he can. He isn't in it much.

He is forever taking off for Switzerland or spending a week in Elba or visiting someone in Estoril or Florence or Dublin. Part of this is business, but part of it is because he likes to go. He does not like to be tied down.

Do not ask me why. I do not know why he is not married, why he must continually go. I am not interested. I will no longer make any surmise on a man's id or his superego. I have found through long and painful experience that people are only interesting on the surface. You dig far enough down into the black depths of a man's, any man's, psyche, and what do you find? The same thing every time: A being riddled with guilts and fears, the same old thing; you can not tell one character from another. We are all as alike as peas in a pod.

No, give me the surface. Give me the glitter and extravagance with which you have arranged to cover up those monstrous black depths.

Well, I'm getting away from the point. Edward is a smuggler, I said, but I should have said a part-time smuggler; what he really is is an art dealer or more particularly an art scout.

He finds pictures. There are not enough good pictures in the world to go around, did you know? That is, there are more people with money, plenty of money, who want good pictures than there are good pictures to be had.

I will give you one example from the life of Edward Alexander. A woman in Minneapolis, a pleasant, an unassuming, indeed an unlikely woman, who through no fault of her own had eight million dollars, decided suddenly in her old age that she needed a Van Gogh flower piece over her fireplace.

Well, the lady from Minneapolis knew somebody—with eight million dollars it is not

difficult to know somebody—who knew somebody who knew a dealer who—oh, no need to go on with the chain—who got in touch with Edward Alexander.

Now, only two weeks before, Alexander had been shown, in the vault of a bank in Zurich, an excellent, a beautiful, a real

there was no question that it was real—Van Gogh flower piece, which belonged to the former mistress of a Dutch oil tycoon.

So our hero, with the picture under his arm, flew from Switzerland to Minneapolis, spent an extremely pleasant week and, without even having to make a sales pitch, returned home with a check that not only satisfied him but satisfied the Dutchman's lady.

Here is my point: This was a chance transaction. There are ten thousand places in the world that that picture could have gone. Think, there are probably ten thousand old ladies in the United States alone who could have bought it. And what about the men—men buy pictures too—and the banks, and the soap companies, and the insurance firms, and the museums, even. And what about Japan and Sweden and Australia. Well, let's divide that ten thousand by ten, there are certainly a thousand places in the world that the Van Gogh could have gone.

Let me repeat. There are not enough good pictures in the world to go around.

One night in Paris, Edward and I were in the Crillon bar, the little one down in the cellar, where no one goes much.

"Have you," I said to him, "found any Michelangelos you're going to sell in Cincinnati?"

"Well," he said, "actually no. However, I have my dirty hands on a couple of Modiglianis, I think."

"A *couple?*"

He nodded. "Two pretty girls. Very, very salable." He picked up his Martini and looked at me over the glass. "You know," he said, "you're always writing about Art and its perils. But you've never been mixed up in anything. How would you like to see a little action?"

"What do you mean?"

"Come along with me. I have a date tonight at ten o'clock."

"Well," I said. "I . . . I have a number of things to do. . . ."

He laughed and put down his drink: "Bravery is reserved for books, eh?"

I said, "The perils of real life are illogical. No plot." That was something I had thought up long ago.

He laughed again: "You underestimate real life."

So I said, "Just what are you going to do?"

"Look at the Modiglianis again. Try to make a deal. And it's not taking place in the sewers of Paris. In a well-lighted apartment."

"Well," I said.

We had dinner around the corner from the Crillon at La Truite and then walked to the well-lighted apartment. As we walked, Edward talked.

"There's nothing illegal about buying a couple of Modiglianis. You understand that. Or taking them to America. It can all be done quite aboveboard. There's just one small hitch. To get them out I have to have an exit permit from the government."

"How come?"

"This only works for pictures of any real artistic worth.

(Continued on page 250)

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Paintings in a Paper Bag

(Continued from page 249)

Modiglianis are certainly that. France, quite naturally does not want to be bled of its masterpieces. So, you must take any good picture to an art commission. You say what you have offered. If the government wishes to keep the picture in the country, it can match your offer; if not, you are given a permit."

"Won't they let Modigliani go?"

"I'm sure they would. There are plenty of Modiglianis."

"Then why is there any funny business? Why do you come in?"

"The fault, dear Brutus, lies not in the buyer but in the seller. The minute the government finds out how much a seller has been paid for a picture, it expects to see the sum quite plainly on his income tax return."

I began to see.

"Like everybody else, the French do not like to pay income tax. So the seller insists on cash, and the buyer must get the picture out of the country as best he can. It has this advantage: You get the picture for something less than you might, if the whole transaction took place in daylight."

I laughed nervously: "It's all quite immoral, isn't it?" I said.

"Here we are," Edward said.

The apartment was in a shabbily grand old house on the avenue Montaigne, just off the Rond Point. The salon that we entered was solid and expensive but in no way chic; in the old French manner the furniture was all set away from the walls around a table in the centre of the room.

Madame T. had herself opened the door, this was obviously no time for servants. She, like her salon, was solid and expensive, and not chic. She acknowledged Edward's introduction of me with a small hand and no smile, then she and Edward set immediately to work in rapid French.

My French is good until I have to use it, then something happens. I understand barely a word. In a few moments Madame went to an armoire in a hallway and brought back the Modiglianis. After that I didn't even try to follow the conversation.

For they were beauties. Calm, swan-necked, pale young girls, they were the prettiest things you ever saw. Edward was right. They were highly salable.

Suddenly I saw Madame T. spread her hands and make a small quick gesture with her head. At that, Edward took up his briefcase, laid it on the table, and opened it.

In the briefcase was more money than I had ever seen in my life. There was packet after packet of thousand-franc notes, brand-new, glistening. I whistled an involuntary whistle.

Madame T. flicked over the money with her fingers, zipped closed the case, then walked out of the room with it.

Edward had time only to say to me, "At least she didn't count it," when Madame was back again, carrying a large brown paper bag.

It was not a new bag, the top was quite crumpled. Madame picked up the paintings, stuffed them into it and handed the bundle to Edward.

Then we left. No little glasses of cognac to seal the bargain, no smiles, no small talk. Just out.

That was that. I slept quite well, all things considered. I was sure no one had seen me either going in or coming out of the apartment. But I decided, just to be on the safe side, that I would get out of Paris.

However, I rather reckoned without Edward. When I told him, he said, "Good. You can come with me. I'm going to Switzerland tomorrow."

"But . . ." I said, "*Switzerland?*"

"You can go on from there. But I *have* to go to Switzerland."

"Why?"



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Edward sounded impatient: "I told you. I may be suspected. Or at least noticed. If I go to an airport I might well be examined. But if I take a train . . . well, the chances of being stopped at some little provincial customs dépôt are slim. Nonexistent."

I shook my head: "I'm not going to Switzerland," I said.

But I went. I suppose it was because I am too timid to say no and make it stick. I hardly think it was because I was curious to find out what was going to happen to the two girls.

"Good," Edward said again. "We leave from the Gare de l'Est. I'll see about the tickets. And we'll have dinner there."

Anyway the food was good. Because I had some unsuppressible premonition of a last supper, I ate well. God knows you can at the Gare de l'Est—two stars, four forks—I remember a langouste soufflé, a salad, a stupendous dessert, and too much Chablis. Then, when we got into our elegant stateroom on the wagon-lit and started to move, Edward broke out a bottle of Armagnac and we finished off with that.

Not the most digestible dinner in the best of times, but now, with my jumpy stomach, it was less than that. I turned and turned, and rearranged my arms a hundred times; it was not until I took a couple of Empirin and codeine that I fell into a deep dark drunken sleep.

I awoke to a mixture of nightmare and heartburn. The train was stopped, we were alongside a lighted station, and there was noise, banging on doors and shouting. Edward was looking out the window.

"We're in Mulhouse," he said. "The French customs station."

"Oh no," I said.

Instantly then came loud knocks on our door and a voice crying, "Open!"

Edward opened, and there stood a thin little man in a uniform of the douane.

Edward said something to the effect that we were tourists in transit, was anything wrong and what did he want? I opened my eyes wide, for I understood every word, Edward's beautiful French had disappeared and he spoke with a fierce American accent, worse than mine.

"Inspection," the little man said, "open your bags."

I staggered out of my berth, unfastened my bags, and prayed. I would never, never, I promised, go to Switzerland again with smuggled paintings. Never.

The little man went through the cases quickly, but thoroughly. Finally he straightened up, looked around the room and . . . and there on the rack above Edward's berth he spotted the brown paper bag. I had not even been aware of it the night before.

"What is that?" he said.

"Personal effects," Edward said.

"Get it down."

Edward got it down, the little man took it and pulled out the pictures. I think he looked surprised, but it is hard to be sure about the look on the face of a custom's officer.

He leaned the two pretty girls against the wall of the car under the window. He stepped back as far as he could, stared at them and stared at them, his eyes narrowed. For a moment he seemed to hesitate, but then he said, "Leave them out. I must get my chief. . . ." And he was gone.

I fell back into my berth because I could not stand up. Edward, I am glad to say, did the same.

"Oh God," I said, "who do we know in Mulhouse? At this time of night?"

Edward did even have the grace to smile. He said, "Relax. Not even a custom's officer would think anyone would carry a hundred thousand dollars worth of paintings in a paper bag."

(Continued on page 253)



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Paintings in a Paper Bag

(continued from page 251)

"Don't be silly," I said. "I'm a writer. That's the first thing I'd have them think."

We waited, we waited. Minutes went by like hours. We waited.

Edward said, "Will you please get that expression of guilt off your face? You look as if you had ten pounds of heroin concealed between your legs...."

And then a miraculous thing happened. Slowly, carefully, almost stealthily, the train began to move. We both sat up in our berths. It was true. The station lights were going by. I lifted my arms, gulped air in relief, and fell back upon my pillow.

But too soon . . . too soon.

We had not gone thirty feet before whistles began to blow and shouts came. "Halt!" "Halt!"

We ground, we shuddered to a stop.

It can only have been seconds after that that our door opened. There stood the chief, with his little man behind him. He was a portly figure, with a heavy moustache and a most impressive cap. I will never forget the cap, it was covered with braid, it looked sinister. With authority.

The chief made a tiny stiff bow to Edward, a tiny stiff bow to me. Then he fitted on his nose his gold pince-nez, walked over, knelt down and examined the girls. Finally, as had his little man, he stepped back as far as he could, and stared and stared.

Finally he said to Edward, "These are yours?"

Edward . . . how can I say this, it was the most surprising thing of the whole night . . . Edward smiled and gave a modest little shrug.

The chief took off his glasses and beamed. "They are beautiful, beautiful," he said.

Then he clasped his hands and began to speak in a most confidential tone. "I, too, am a painter," he said. "It is my great passion. On all my days off and during my annual vacations I devote myself only to painting. So, you see, I know. I know how gifted you are. You have your own individual style, yes. Most modern. I must confess that, for myself, I follow the old masters, but I can appreciate quality." He shook his head: "Beautiful. Beautiful."

Then he walked over to Edward, held out his hand and said, "I congratulate you."

He gave his tiny stiff bow to Edward, then to me, and was gone.

In a moment we began to move again, not stealthily this time, but with a jerk. Myself, I shook the whole way to Zurich.

At the hotel, in the daylight, after a bath we were given something to eat. Or rather Edward was, all I could manage was black coffee.

He looked not to have a care in the world. He had already got his airplane ticket to New York, he was stuffing himself and reading a newspaper. Last night might never have occurred.

But suddenly he folded the paper and said, "Are you going to write this up?"

"Well, I should hope so," I said.

He sighed. "And you'll fix it, won't you?" he said. "You'll really fix it. You'll introduce a gang of international art thieves and arrange a murder and have someone thrown off the train while it's going eighty miles an hour, and a girl, I almost forgot the fabulously beautiful girl who lures you into her stateroom for the obligatory scene . . . and then there will be Interpol coming to the rescue, and a chase, naturally, some incredibly exciting chase up and down the Matterhorn. And you, of course, you'll be frightfully, frightfully brave . . . Is that it? Am I close?"

I brightened: "You give me an idea."

Edward said, "Fortunately, I don't read magazines."

"I'll send you a copy," I said.

Edward opened his newspaper. "Dear man," he said, "Spare me. Spare me. . . ."

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3. To give you every possible chance of *continuing* in this vibrant good health till ninety, and more.

The methods this program uses to achieve these goals are equally simple—and, again, surprisingly gentle. They are:
1. A series of one-or-two minute-a-day exercises for your *face*—designed to combat premature wrinkles and restore the smooth, sharp outlines of youth.
2. A direct attack on the *stored-up emotional poisons* in your body that eat away strength and youth like internal acid. This attack on these poisons consists of a series of exhilarating new exercises which take as little as three minutes a day—*half of which time you spend resting.*
3. A new way to lose weight—not a diet—designed to change your present suicidal eating habits in 24 to 48 hours. And to break at last the vicious *fat-multiplying cycle* inside your body, that causes you to put on more weight, from less food, than your thin friends. And
4. A series of surprising, and sometimes actually startling, solutions to your most serious everyday health problems—including fatigue, hypertension, indigestion, high blood pressure, and much, much more.

This, then, is the look-younger, feel-better, live-longer program that you can prove to yourself—beyond doubt—without risking a penny. Now let us look at its medical background, and the specific day-by-day benefits it is designed to give you:

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The fascinating new volume which gives you these benefits is titled: *How to Stay Young All Your Life.* It is the result of fifteen years of meticulous research, and three additional years of intensive writing and re-writing. It is so completely up-to-date that some of the principles revealed in it were not discovered until a few short months ago.

Its author is Clement G. Martin, M.D., F.A.G.S., F.A.C.N. As you may know, Dr. Martin is former medical director of two of the largest insurance companies in the United States, where he specialized in geriatric research—the science of prolonging youth, strength, health, and life—far beyond their present limits.

Over eight years ago, in conjunction with his state medical society, Dr. Martin published a pamphlet based on this research. The response was so overwhelming that he then expanded this information into a book—called *How to Live to be 100*—which sold over 100,000 hard-cover copies in the first two years alone.

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All the Myths About "Old Age" — Shattered at Last.

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The American businessman who watched his body become prematurely old and finally collapse of ill health at the age of 50. Who decided to *rejuvenate himself* though he could hardly stand, through a scientific study of longevity. By the time he was 73 he had regained his youth—his face as smooth, his body as slim and hard as a youngster's. *Photographs in this book prove these statements beyond doubt—see them yourself!*

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On page 124, you're given *six-second facial exercises* . . . wrinkle exercises . . . bags-under-the-eye and age-line exercises . . . that Dr. Martin recommends for every man, as well as woman, who wants people to gasp in astonishment when you tell them your real age.

On page 144, you're shown how the *way* you eat may contribute as much or more to your overweight problem as the actual *foods* you eat. And then on page 150, you're given the medically-proven, *fastest-possible way* to lose excess pounds. Again, this is *not* a diet at all. And the greater your excess weight, the *faster* this method works.

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Yes, and on page 118, you'll learn how Dr. Martin recommends as little as *only 1½ minutes* of basic exercise every day. *Is this too much to ask from you to obtain new protection from heart attacks, new youthfulness, new vitality every single day of your life!*



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